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PERSIAN TALES

DESIGNED

FOR USE AND ENTERTAINMENT.

VOL. II.

C O B U R G

PRINTED BY R. A. W. AHL

MDCCCLXXX.

PERSIAN TALES

Volume 1

FOR USE AND ENTERTAINMENT

VOL. II

CONTENTS

THE STORY OF THE KING OF THE ISLANDS

THE STORY OF THE KING OF THE ISLANDS

*The History of COLOUSE, and of the
beautiful DILARA.*

At *Damas* there dwelt a wealthy merchant, whose name was *Abdallah*. He one day reflecting upon the many dangers he had escaped in traversing the whole world to heap up riches, lamented his having no children to enjoy them, and gave charities daily to the dervices to pray that he might be blessed with a son. Nay, he founded hospitals, and convents, and built mosques, but it was all to no purpose; so that now he despaired of being a father.

At length he sent for a famous *Indian* physician, and said to him: O doctor, I have longed exceedingly these many years for a son. Sir, says the *Indian*, it is a blessing which depends upon the will of providence, but yet it is not denied to men, to use their endeavours to attain it. Tell me then sir, says *Abdallah*, what I must do, and I

will follow your directions. You must, says the physician, purchase a strait and beautiful slave, with plump cheeks and large hips; her voice must be soft and melodious, she must have a chearful look, and her conversation must be agreeable. Besides this, you must keep yourself chaste for forty days before you have any intercourse with her. All this time you must disengage yourself from business, eat nothing but the flesh of a black ram, and drink old wine. Punctually observe these particulars, and I have reason to hope you may have an heir.

Abdallah purchased a beautiful damsel, strictly pursued the regimen prescribed, and had a son by her. The child was nam'd *Coulouse*, and magnificent banquets, and public rejoicings were made at his birth. Great care was taken in his education. He had variety of masters. He was instructed in the *Hebrew*, *Greek*, *Turkish*, and *Indian* languages, understood, and could write them all. He not only read the *Alcoran*, but the commentators upon it also; and knew the mystical meaning of every thing therein contained. Above all, he was well instructed in the doctrine of predestination. He knew the history of *Arabia* and *Persia*, and the annals of their kings. He learned morality'
phi-

philosophy, physic, and astronomy. At the age of eighteen he was not only a proficient in all these things; but was a good poet, a skilful musician, and a great master of all bodily exercises.

Abdallah loved him more than life, and could not bear to have him out of his sight. Now death had given a summons to the old merchant. A little time before he expired, he bid *Coulouse* sit down by his bed, and employed his last moments in giving him good advice. When the funeral was over, his son took possession of all his real and personal estates; but he no sooner got them into his hands, than he began to squander them away. He built a palace, bought beautiful slaves, and chose such young men for his companions, as had the same way of thinking. They gratified every appetite, and his table was lavishly furnished every day. Mirth, music, feasting, and dancing, were their constant employment. In this extravagant manner they lived several years, till he had wasted his patrimony. He was obliged to part with his palace and his slaves, and was soon reduced to poverty.

He now had recourse to all his companions, who contributed to his ruin, for subsistence. You,

says he, contributed to my ruin; you, my friends, have seen me in prosperity; you now see my adversity. Call to mind your former promises; relieve me in my distress. Thus did *Couloufe* try the gratitude of his friends, but they were all deaf to his solicitations. Some pitied him; others prayed for him; and some again reviled him. O faithless friends, cries he, your hardness of heart afflicts me deeply! I am justly punished for my folly and credulity.

Couloufe, more afflicted in his mind, that he was deceived in his choice of friends, than for his poverty, resolved to quit *Damas*, where he had so many witnesses of his folly. He set out for the land of *Kenaites*, came to *Caracorum*, where *Cabal Can* reigned, and took lodgings at an inn. Here he one day heard, that the king was making preparations for war, the two neighbouring princes, who paid him a large annual tribute, having refused to continue it, and levied forces to oppose his collectors, if they presumed to enter into their dominions. When *Couloufe* had intelligence of this affair, he went to *Cabal Can* to offer his service in the army. He signalized himself by several actions in this war; which drew upon him the love of the officers, and the favour of the king's son,

son, who was an eyewitness of them. Other tributary princes following the example, took up arms likewise, so that *Cabal Can* was obliged to turn his arms against these new enemies. Here the son of *Abdallah* again distinguished his bravery in so extraordinary a manner, that *Mirgeban*, the son of *Cabal Can*, resolved to take him to himself.

Soon after *Cabal Can* died, and the prince succeeded him. When he was settled upon the throne, he shower'd down his favours upon *Couloufe*, and made him his sole confident. He flourished now more than ever, and said: It must be, that the events of human life are determined in heaven! I lived at *Damas* amidst pleasures, and never thought I should fall into misery. When I came to *Caracorum*, I had no hopes of being what I am. All the good, all the evil, which befalls us, is independent of ourselves, and not to be prevented. Let us live therefore according to our hearts, and submit to our destiny, which cannot be avoided. Relying on this principle, he followed his inclinations without restraint. Going out of the palace one day, he met an old woman veiled, who wore a necklace of pearls, with a staff in her hand, and five slaves following her. He asked her, if the slaves were to be sold? She answer'd in the

affirmative. He examined their features, and seeing one more beautiful than the rest, asked the price of her. I cannot recommend her to you, sir, who seem to be a person of distinction; you should have one more engaging. I have them of all sorts, and from all countries. I have *Turkish* virgin, *Sclavonicks*, *Ionians*, *Ethiopians*, *Arminians*, *Georgians*, and some of *China*. You shall take your choice. Follow me.

They came to a mosque, when the old woman said, stay here a moment till I return. After he had waited there about an hour with impatience, she came with a virgin, who carried a bundle under her arm; in which was a veil and the upper garment of a woman, with which the old woman cover'd *Coulouse*, saying, Sir, we are persons of reputation, and it would be a disgrace to us to take in a stranger. Mother, says he, putting on the habit, take me where you please. She led him to a palace, where every thing had an air of magnificence; and after we had crossed a vast court, paved with green marble, we came into a spacious hall, in the middle of which stood a basin of porphyry, full of water, wherein were a number of ducks. It was encompassed with an aviary of golden wire, in which a thousand
birds

birds of various kinds made a delightful harmony.

While *Couloufe* was busied in considering these objects, in came a young lady smiling. She made him a profound reverence. He saluted her; she took him by the hand, and seated him by her upon a cushion of gold brocade, placed on a sofa of the same stuff; then took a fine handkerchief, and wiped his eyes and face, and gave him such bewitching glances, as thoroughly gained his affections. He was determined to purchase her, when another slave came in much fairer than the first, with gold locks waving upon her shoulders. She came up to the son of *Abdallah*, kissed his hand, and offered to wash his feet in a basin of gold; which he refused, and rising up, was resolved to fix his choice here; but immediately he became motionless, like a statue, on the sight of twenty young damsels, who seemed to rival each other in beauty, accompanied by a young person in richer attire, far superior to the rest in beauty, and whom he took for their mistress. *Couloufe* enraptured on this occasion, fainted away.

All the slaves ran to his assistance, and when he recovered from the fit, the lady who was the

cause of it, spoke thus. Poor bird! let me bid you welcome. You are caught in the net. *Coulouse* kissed the earth, and sighed. They placed him upon a sofa, and brought him sherbet in a golden cup, enriched with jewels. The lady drank to him, sat down by him, and perceiving him unable to speak, How comes it to pass, says she, that you are so disorder'd? Banish your melancholy. Are you not pleased with your company? Ah! fair creature, replies he, insult me no longer. I confess that my spirits are in confusion.

This said, she took him by the hand, led him into another room, where they all sat down at a table covered with great variety of sweetmeats, and the most delicious fruit. When they had done eating, the ladies wash'd their hands with a kind of paste of an exquisite composition, and wiped them with towels of rose-colour'd silk. After this they passed into the wine-chamber, adorned with caskets of balms, and sweet-smelling flowers.

Some of the ladies began here to dance, others played upon the canoun, harp, or guitar of *David*, upon the organ, barbot violin, and arganoun. But not one of the hands was comparable to that of
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the lady who had charmed the son of *Abdallah*. She in her turn took the lute, put it in tune, and played most divinely. She played upon the harp in the *Rastian* measure; upon the viol in the measure of *Ribaeiyy*. She likewise sung, and ravished *Couloufe* with vocal and instrumental music. He, unable to contain himself any longer, cries out: My queen, you have destroyed my reason. Suffer me to kiss your hand, and to cast myself at your feet. Having thus spoke, he seized the lady's hand, kissed, and pressed it with rapture. She, offended with his boldness, turned away with a haughty air, and said: Whoever thou art, stop thy proceedings, and pass not the bounds of modesty. I am a virgin of quality. In vain you desire to possess me. You will see me no more; and withdrew.

Couloufe now left alone, was tortured with a thousand different passions; when the old woman came to him, saying: What have you done, young man? You might have judged by the magnificence of this house, that you were not under the roof of one, who makes a trade of selling slaves. The lady whom you have offended, is the daughter of one of the principal men at court. This information heightned the love of the son of *Abdallah*,
who

who was despairing of ever seeing her again, when she returned into the hall with the other ladies in a different habit, decked out with more care; and observing *Couloufe* sorrowful, she burst out into laughter. I believe, says she, you heartily repent of your conduct. I will forgive you this time, on condition you will do so no more, and will tell me who you are. As he desired nothing more than a reconciliation with the lady, he made no scruple to tell that his name was *Couloufe*, and that he was the king's favourite. Sir, then, said she, I have often heard you well spoken of, have sometimes desired to see you, and am pleased to enjoy that pleasure at present. Then turning herself to the ladies, said: Let us go on with our dancing and music, to entertain our guest. They danced till night, when an infinite number of tapers were lighted. While supper was preparing, the young lady and the son of *Abdallah* conversed together. She ask'd many questions about *Mingehan* the king; and if he had any fine women in his seraglio. Madam, replies the son of *Abdallah*, he has women of no ordinary beauty. There is one of them he loves at present called *Gbulendam*, whom I should think the most beautiful creature in the world, if I had never seen you; but your charms I confess are far superior.

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This compliment pleased *Dilara*, for that was her name. She was the daughter of *Boyruc*, a *Keraite* grandee, whom the king had sent to *Samarcand* to compliment *Usbec-Can*, on his coming to the crown of *Tartary*.

Nothing could have pleased her more than *Couloufe*'s telling her that she was more beautiful than the king's mistress. This fed her vanity, and raised her good humour at the same time. She said a thousand smart things at supper, which heighten'd his passion. He in return made a number of pleasant sallies of wit and humour. But the time for his departure drawing near, he prostrated himself before her; should I, added he, stay here an hundred years, I should never think it a moment in your conversation; but begone I must. To-morrow if you will permit me, I shall come again. She consented, telling him if he would come to the gate of the mosque, where he was that day, he should be again conducted to her. This said, she ordered her favourite slave to bring a purse to her, which was wrought with silk and gold thread, of her own work, in which were jewels of considerable value. Of this, she made a present to *Couloufe*. He accepted of it, paid his obeysance, and went his way. In the court he met the old woman, who opened
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the street gate, and shewed him the road to the palace.

As soon as he came into the palace, he retired to his own apartment, and went to bed. He had but little sleep, and rising early in the morning went to the king, who was in great pain about him. Well *Coulouse*, says his majesty, What became of you yesterday? Where did you hide yourself? Great sir, says the favourite, your majesty shall know my adventure, and I am persuaded you will not be surpris'd; but pardon my absence. Now he related all that had happened to him. Is it possible that this young lady should be so charming, says *Mirgeban*? Sir, says the son of *Abdallab*, no words can tell her perfections, nor painter express her beauty. This is too much, says the king. I am resolv'd to see the lady, and will accompany you in the evening. How is it possible, says *Coulouse*, for me to introduce you to the sight of her. I will disguise myself, says the king, and pass for your slave; and will lie concealed in some obscure place, where I shall be able to see every thing. The son of *Abdallab*, fearful of disobliging his majesty, took him in the habit of a slave, and about twilight they placed themselves near the gate of the mosque. They had not stood long before

before the old woman came, who said to *Couloufe*: Where was the necessity of bringing this slave with you? Send him back again.

Couloufe, seeing the king much mortified, replied to the old woman: My good mother shall I intreat you to let this slave follow us. He has wit, many diverting qualities, makes verses off hand, and sings to admiration. Your lady will not be displeased to see him. The old woman consented, and they went all three together; *Couloufe* disguised as before under the habit of a woman, and *Mirgeban* in the habit of a slave. When they had come thro' the court, and entered into the hall, they beheld it illuminated with a vast number of wax-tapers, which afforded light and odours at the same instant. *Dilara*, demanded of the son of *Abdallah* the cause of his bringing the slave with him. Madam, says he, I brought him for your diversion. He is a mimick, a poet, and a musician. Since it is so, says she, he is welcome; and hark ye friend, adds she, addressing herself to the king, behave yourself with modesty, and fail not in your respects, lest you repent it. The king seeing himself under the necessity of playing the part of a buffoon, acquitted himself so handsomely, that
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the lady said to *Couloufe*, really, sir, you have brought us a Witty youth. There is something gallant and noble in his manners. He shall be cup-bearer this night. I like him. Since he has, replies the favourite, the good fortune to please you, he is no longer mine. Take him, madam, yourself. *Catalpan*, says he to the king, there stands your mistress. The king came up to the lady, and kissing her hand, said, I am now your slave, and will serve you with zeal.

She accepted *Mirgeban*, and said to *Couloufe*: This young fellow belongs henceforth to me; but permit me to leave him in your hands. He shall reside with you, and come with you as often as you come. I cannot keep him here, because he is known to be your slave. After they had talked together for some time, *Couloufe* and *Dilara* sat down to supper, and the king was in waiting. As he went on to divert the lady with many pleasant sayings and ridiculous actions; Sir, says *Dilara*, give the youth leave to eat and drink with us. Madam, says *Couloufe*, he is not used to sit at table. Be not so severe, says the lady, let him drink with us, that he may love us the better. Set yourself at the table, *Catalpan*, says the son of *Abdallah*. The king stayed
not

not to be asked twice, but placed himself between *Couloufe* and the daughter of *Boyruc*. He eat, and when wine was brought, the lady filled him a bumper, and said, drink this to my health. *Dilara* encouraged the jollity of her visitors, and taking up a golden cup filled to the brim, addressed herself to the son of *Abdallah*, saying, To your best inclinations, the charming *Gbulendam*, the king's favourite. He, blushing, replied, heaven forbid! I should ever have the assurance to aspire to the mistress of my prince! — Ho! says *Dilara* smiling, you affect to be discreet. Did you not tell me yesterday of *Gbulendam*, and confess her charms? Madam, says he, dreading the consequence, rally me no longer on this occasion, I never had any conversation with that lady in private. *Dilara* proceeded: *Catalpan*, bid thy master put more confidence in us. Come, sir, says the king, oblige the lady. And tho' I pretend to keep a secret as well as any man, I assure you this gentleman has always concealed his love for this favourite lady from me.

Couloufe was mightily affected with what *Mirgeban* said, and plainly perceived, that what *Dilara* designed as a piece of raillery, had made ill impressions upon his mind. In the mean time they

all continued to drink, till the king, insensibly warmed, said to the lady with great familiarity: I beseech you to sing me a song; I hear that you sing charmingly. She burst into laughter, and said, With all my heart. Then calling for her lute, which was ready tuned, played an excellent air in the *Yrac* measure, which she accompanied with her voice; afterwards taking the tabor in hand, she sung an air in the *Bouselic* measure.

The king, who never heard such music and singing before, being all in raptures, forgot to act the part of a slave any longer, and said, Madam, I am enchanted with you; notwithstanding the wonders which *Coulouse* told me of you, he came far short of your character. Here the son of *Abdallah* made signs to him, but to no purpose. No, adds the prince, *Isaac Mouseli*, my musician, whose voice and judgment is applauded, sings not half so well. *Dilara*, from these words observing it was the king whom she had taken for a slave, whispered her women: I am ruined; then ran for a veil to cover her face, and came back to *Mirgeban*, and stood before him. Pray, Madam, said he, be seated; it is rather my duty to stand. Am I not your slave?

Dilara

Dilara hereupon began to Weep. Ah! great monarch, says she, I humbly implore you to have compassion upon me. I am young, and void of experience; vouchsafe, I beseech your majesty, to pardon me. Fear nothing, says the king, but tell me who you are. She satisfied his curiosity, and he returned to his palace.

COULOUSE *banished from the Court of*
Cabal Can.

M*irgeban*, from this day suspecting that there was love between his favourite mistress and the son of *Abdallah*, by what *Dilara* had said by way of raillery, would give ear to nothing but his jealousy. For this reason, without examining into the truth of his conjectures, he the next morning forbid *Coulouse* to appear before him, and order'd him to be informed, that his will was, he should that very day depart from *Caracorum*.

The favourite, knowing his innocence, did not doubt but to make it appear, if he could gain audience of his majesty. He obeyed the Order of the king, and joining in with a large caravan,

which was going to *Tartary*, he arrived at *Samarcande*, well knowing how to bear adversity. As he considered the accidents of this life, as things inevitable, nothing was able to shake the fortitude of his mind.

He lived at *Samarcande*, perfectly resigned to every fortune that might attend his life. He eat and drank well, and partook of diversions as long as his money lasted. When that failed, he went and placed himself at the corner of a mosque. The priests talked with him, and finding he was an intelligent person, ordered him a regular Substinance ; upon which he lived very comfortably, and contented. However, it one day came to pass, that a considerable merchant called *Mouzaffer*, came to prayers at this mosque. He looked hard at *Coulouse*, and at length calling him, said, Young man, who are you? What has brought you hither? Sir, said he, I was of a good family in *Damas*, and had a mind to travel. I came into *Tartary*, and within a few leagues of *Samarcande*, fell among robbers, who killed my servants, and took away all I had.

Be comforted, says *Mouzaffer*; there is always some sweets mixed with the bitter. You, perhaps,

haps, may find something here, which may turn out to your advantage, and contribute to your peace of mind. Rise and follow me. He did as he was order'd, and enter'd with him into his house: where he saw a vast magazine of valuable stuffs, rich furniture, and a number of servants. The merchant made him sit down with him at the table, order'd him some s'herbet, jellies, and the most nourishing meat. Dinner over, they talked together a considerable Time. Then *Mouzaffer* sent him away with large presents.

On the following day the merchant came to the same mosque, brought him to his house again, and entertained him as before. There was now there a doctor called *Danischmend*, who, after they had dined, took *Coulouse* aside, and said to him: Young stranger! the merchant of this house has business of importance for you, which requires speedy execution, and will be very serviceable to you in your present situation. He has an only child who is called *Taber*; a young man of a hot and passionate temper. He lately married the daughter of a foreign lord, and in a passionate fit, used her ill. She having some spirit also, answer'd his anger with words of contempt.

Taber, provoked at this her insolence, put her away ; but now repents of it. She is beautiful, and he loves her ; but our laws do not permit him to take her again, unless she is married to another, and by this second husband divorced. For this reason, *Mouzaffer* wishes you would marry her this day, pass the night with her, and put her away in the morning. He will make you a present of fifty sequins of gold. Will you oblige your friend by coming into this scheme ? Will I not, replies *Couloufe* ? Am I not disposed to do any reasonable service to my benefactor ? He made me welcome, and besides I do not find any aversion in my nature to the proposal. I believe, says de doctor, there are hundreds in this city, who would think themselves very happy to be chosen *Hulla's* on this occasion. *Taber's* wife is tall and strait ; her eye-brows finely arched, and from her eyes fatal darts are communicated to all those who look at them ; the snow is not whiter than her skin, and her cheeks and lips are like rose-buds. There is no want of *Hullas*, continues *Danischmend* here ; but he must be a stranger, because these things should be kept as secret as possible. For this reason *Mouzaffer* has fixed upon you. I am *Nayb*, and consequently invested with a power of marrying you to this charming lady ;

lady ; and this very moment, if you have a mind, you shall possess her. You may imagine, says the son of *Abdullah*, that I already wish I had espoused her. Yes, Sir, says the *Nayb*, I doubt it not ; but you must put her away to-morrow morning, and depart from *Samarcande* with the reward. I will not continue here long, answers *Coulouse*, and I swear I will divorce the lady whom you oblige me to marry. *Mouzaffer* immediately calls for his son *Faber*, and the rest of his family, and the *Nayb* instantly married them without suffering the bridegroom to see the bride. It was likewise determined, that the *Hulla* should pass the night with her in the dark, as he might be more willing to put her away in the morning.

Night coming on, *Coulouse* was brought into the bridal chamber, and there left in the dark with the lady, who was laid in a bed of gold brocade. He fastened the door, put off his cloaths, felt about for the bed, and finding it, lay down by his wife. When she found herself going to be given up to a man whom she had never seen, she formed in her mind a frightful image, well knowing that the *Hullas* were usually chosen out of the poorest wretches that chance and necessity present. *Coulouse* was equally uneasy, and said,

madam : how favourable soever this night may be to me, my joys are like to prove imperfect. I have formed to myself such a quintessence of beauty, and so earnestly desire to see it, that I know not whether it be not as great a torture to possess you without beholding you, as it would be to see you without the hopes of ever possessing you. However, I am obliged upon oath to yield you up again to-morrow. Alas! madam, as my happiness is thus fleeting, it ought to have been complete in every other respect.

He said no more, waiting for the lady's answer: but how was he surprized, when instead of that, she cried out: O you! whom *Taber* has chosen to be the instrument of our former union, tell me who you are. Methinks I know the sound of your voice. *Coulouse* startled at these words, rejoins, inform me then of your family. I imagine I hear a *Keraïte* lady, whom I should know. Gracious heaven! adds he, correcting himself, can you be? — No — 'Tis impossible that you should be the daughter of *Boyruc*. Oh! *Coulouse*, the lady replies, is it you that speak to me? It is I, my queen said he, who cannot believe that he hears *Dilara*. Be assured, sir, I am that unhappy *Dilara* who entertained you and king *Mirgehan*,
and

and by my imprudence caused your banishment from his court. I am the person you should regard as your greatest enemy. Cease madam, says the son of *Abdallah*, accuse not yourself. It was the decree of heaven that so ordered it, and I thank my stars, which by that accident have led me to happiness. But, my fairest *Dilara*, How came you to be the wife of *Taber*?

My father, says she, during his embassy at *Samarcande*, lodged with *Mouzaffer*. They two made up the match, and when my father returned, he sent me from *Caracorum* to *Samarcande* with a large retinue. I obeyed, tho' pre-engaged to you. I confess, my dear *Couloufe*, I loved you, tho' I concealed my passion, and your disgrace has cost me many tears. My marriage with *Taber* could not banish you from my remembrance. His being in nature a brute, and disagreeable in person, fixed you deeper in my heart. I ever despaired of seeing you again: but my happiness surpasses my expectation, since instead of a husband imposed upon me, I meet a lover. *Couloufe* transported with joy and love at the same time, cries out, Is it you then I am hired to marry? Oh! princess, if my disgrace has cost you some tears, join with me to improve the present moment; let

us turn all to joy and extasy. The whole night was spent in repeating to each other their mutual happiness on this unexpected meeting: but even now, when their souls overflowed in the most passionate expressions, one of *Mouzaffer's* slaves, knocked hard at the door, crying aloud, Come, come, seigneur *Hulla*, be pleased to rise. It is broad day. *Couloufe* made no reply, tho' all the tender transports of his soul sunk into sadness. My queen, says he, what is it we hear? Must we so soon be torn asunder? Consider, madam, notwithstanding the marriage ties, I have sworn to put you off this very instant. And can you, interrupts the lady, think of keeping that fatal oath? Would you not pay the price of one perjury for *Dilara*? Ah! *Couloufe*, you love me not, adds she, weeping. Your promise is injurious to love and reason, weigh it in the scale against the possession of your favourite object. Suppose I should violate my honour, replied I; can you think that a stranger, destitute of friends and money, can oppose the power of *Mouzaffer*? Despise his menaces, says *Dilara*, the laws are on your side. A man of resolution will render all his efforts vain. Say no more, cries the son of *Abdallah*.

In the mean time *Taber* himself knocked at the chamber door; *Hulla*, says he, put on your cloaths as fast as possible; the deputy of the *Cady* will be here in an instant. He rose in a moment, dressed himself, and opened the door to *Taber*, who ordered him to be carried to the bath, by a *Greek* slave, who handed to him fine linen, and a handsome robe, and led him into a hall, where he saw *Mouzaffer*, his son, and *Danischmend*. They made him sit down, and among other dishes, they had soups made of the juice of mutton. This over, *Danischmend* took *Couloufe* apart, paid him the sequins of gold, and presented him with a rich turban, saying, see what *Mouzaffer* gives you. He also sends his thanks for your service, and desires you would this day put away your wife, and leave *Samarcande*. If any one asks you, "Hast thou seen the Camel?" *) Answer, no. To this the son of *Abdallah* replied, throwing down the turban and the sequins: I thought justice, probity, and religion flourished in *Samarcande*, especially, since the crown of *Tartary* descended to *Usbec-Can*; but I am either deceived, or the king is not truly informed, that it is the practice to abuse strangers, in

*) A manner of speaking among the eastern people, when they would say, *Keep the secret*.

in the very city where he resides. Let him judge of my case. I come hither; a merchant invites me to dinner; engages me to marry a lady, according to the laws; I enter into the engagement, and after I solemnly made her my wife, I am required to put her away. Cease, seigneur *Nayb*, importuning me to act unbecoming a man of honour. I shall cover my head with dust, and prostrate myself at the feet of *Usbec-Can*, to implore his determination in this affair.

The deputy of the *Cady* took the merchant aside, and said: you advised to make use of this stranger for a *Hulla*; you could not have pitched upon a more unfit person. He refuses to part with his wife; but I perceive the man is necessitous. Offer him a larger gratuity. *Coulouse* overhearing replied: No, no, seigneur *Mouzaffer*, should you offer me ten thousand sequins, and the richest stuffs in your warehouse, I will not break the solemn contract I have made. Neither your money, nor menaces have the least effect upon me. You can never oblige me to part with a lady, who by the laws of your land, is my property. I hear enough, says the passionate *Taber*; let us take this wretch before the *Cady*; we shall soon see whether it will be allowed to abuse persons

sons of credit with false promises. They now offered him a greater reward; but finding their attempts ineffectual, took him before the *Cady*. The *Cady* instantly fixing his eyes upon *Couloufe*, said: Young stranger, whom no body knows, who were reduced to live in a mosque upon the charity of the priests, are you so void of reason as to think you shall possess in quiet a lady, who was the wife of *Taber*? You are not able to furnish an expence that is proper for a family of credit. Quit, therefore, those vain hopes; accept the merchant's offers, put away your wife, and return from whence you came; or prepare this instant to receive a hundred bastinadoes.

Firm in his resolves, *Couloufe* received the punishment, with an air of unconcern. After which, says the *Cady*, Let that suffice for the present, tomorrow we will double the dose; let him pass this night with his wife. Whereupon *Couloufe* returned home with *Mouzaffer* and his son, who though much bruised, thought his sufferings very much alleviated by the liberty granted him to see *Dilara* again. The father now made the *Hulla* an offer of 300 sequins of gold, if he would immediately repudiate the daughter of *Boyruc*; and while he was trying every artifice to

to win him, *Taber* entered the lady's apartment.

She trembled at the sight of him, imagining that he came to bring her bad tidings. Her cheeks turned pale, and it was with some difficulty she was able to support herself from fainting away. *Taber* deluded by these symptoms, took it for granted, that somebody had previously informed her of the son of *Abdullah*'s refusing to put her away, and vainly imagined that was the cause of her disorder. Madam, says he to her, grieve no more; the wretch, whom I chose for my *Hulla*, will not resign you to my embraces. He has received, on this account, one hundred bastinadoes, which, if he persists in his obstinacy, are to be doubled to-morrow. Be comforted then, my sultaneess, you have but this one night more to be by him tormented. Yes, Sir, replies *Dilara*; I confess the *Hulla* is the occasion of my misery. The happiness of my life depends upon him; and I greatly fear this affair will be the occasion of my misery. Pardon me, my queen, replies he, banish your fears. Sooth yourself with the hopes that to-morrow our union will be re-established. This said, he left the lady's apartment, and soon after *Coulouse* enter'd.

Her

Her grief was now turned to joy; Oh! my dearest husband, said she, come and receive the reward of your constancy. The cruelties you have suffer'd distract me; but much more do the fresh torments with which you are threaten'd. Madam, replies the son of *Abdallah*, you shall see, that all the future punishments, which are in their power to inflict upon me, shall never have the power to shake my constancy. What the will of fate has decreed to be my lot, is far beyond my comprehension. Whether I am to live or to die for you, I will not take upon me to say; but of this I am certain: it shall never be recorded in the book of heaven, that I shall repudiate you. No, says *Dilara*, heaven has not joined us in so miraculous a manner, that we should be so soon parted. Did you let the *Cady* know, adds she, that you was once the favourite of the king of the *Keraïtes*? No, replies the son of *Abdallah*, he would not hear me, but declared, I should never keep possession of you, because I have not riches sufficient to support you. Since this is the case, says she, fail not to tell the *Cady* to-morrow, when you are carried before him, that you are the son of *Massaoud*, a merchant of *Cogende*, who is vastly rich. Add likewise, that you shall soon receive such sums from him, as will convince the whole world

world , that you advance nothing but the truth.

By this expedient they both hoped to oblige the *Cady* to let them quietly continue together for some time. They passed the remaining part of the day, and the whole night, like two lovers who want nothing to compleat their joy till after sun-rising; when the officers of the *Cady* and *Taber* came to the chamberdoor, and knocking rudely, cried out, seigneur *Hulla*, rise immediately, and come before the judge. At these words he sigh'd, and *Dilara* began to weep, saying, Unhappy *Coulouse*, what a price dost thou pay for thy wife? My princess, answers he, cease your fears, they afflict my very soul. Let us not cast ourselves down to despair; but rather reanimate our hopes, and expect the best from heaven.

He now opened the door, and accompanied the officers to the *Cady*, who said to him, Are you not wiser than you were yesterday? Or will it be proper to ply you with fresh bastinadoes. My lord and master, replies *Coulouse*, long may you live; but know, sir, I am not a beggar. And since I find there is an absolute necessity to make myself known, I must inform you, that my name is *Nuc-*
neddin,

neddin, the son and heir of a merchant of *Cogende*, who is called *Massaoud*. My father is as rich as *Mouzaffer*; and if he knew my necessities, and the marriage in which I am engaged, he would send me numerous camels loaden with gold, and all the women of *Samarcande* would envy the good fortune of the lady, whom I have taken to wife. What! must I, because I fell among thieves near this city, was stripped of every thing, and forced to retire into a mosque for subsistence, must I be used in this manner, and treated like a vagrant, or a thief? I will soon let you know, that I can maintain a wife of any quality, in as much grandeur as *Taber*. I will write to my father, he will make me vast remittances in this city.

The injustice, which the *Cady* had done to *Coulouse*, began to reverberate upon his own conscience: Was it by this accident you came to be in distress? Even so, replies the son of *Abdallah*. You may see, sir, I am not a wretch nursed up in poverty. Why did you not tell me this yesterday, says the judge? adding, seigneur *Mouzaffer*, what the *Hulla* informs us, makes a vast difference in the cause before us. Our laws will not constrain him to put away his wife. Alas! says *Mouzaffer*, do you, sir, give any credit to this impostor?

postor? He says this, to screen himself from farther punishment, and to gain time. That is an affair, answers the *Cady*, which is beyond my determination. All I can do for you, is to oblige the *Hulla* to prove the truth of what he has advanced. *Taber* said, we desire no more. We know *Massaoud* is a very rich merchant, if the *Hulla* is his son, we will give him up *Dilura*, but it is reasonable they should be kept asunder, till the messenger returns from *Cogende*, which will not take up above fifteen days. That is contrary to all custom and order, replies the judge. The wife ought to stay with her husband. But then, I swear by the black stone of the sacred temple of *Mecca*, and by the holy grove of *Medina*, if he deceives us, the impostor shall finish his life by a cruel and ignominious death.

Mouzaffer and his son instantly dispatched one of their domesticks to *Cogende* to know the truth of this affair, and *Coulouse* went directly to his lady to relate to her what had passed before the *Cady*. She transported with the news, said: My dearest husband, all is well. Before the courier can arrive at *Cogende*, we will make our escape, in the night to *Bocara*, where we may live upon my fortune, and it will not be in the power of our enemies

enemies to molest us. This scheme was approved of by *Coulouse*, but they found themselves watched too narrowly in this house to put it into execution. They therefore judged it necessary, in case *Mouzaffer* opposed it, to ask leave of the *Cady* to change their lodgings. This concerted, the son of *Abdallah* went with all speed to find out the merchant and his son *Taber*, and told them he intended that very day to quit their house, and as the law gave him an absolute authority over his wife, he would carry her where he pleased. *Taber* on the other hand protested that he would not suffer her to go from under his roof.

This dispute brought them again before the judge, who asked *Coulouse* why he would not stay with *Mouzaffer*? To this he replied, I have often heard *Massacud* my father say, when we live with our enemies, we should separate ourselves as soon as possible. My wife likewise desires it as much as I. Ah! thou utterer of falsehood, replies *Taber*. She has afflicted herself ever since she was married to this wretch; and has the impudence to say, that she will not stay in my house. Give your orders, and let *Dilara* be instantly brought before you to answer for herself; that you may see how she stands affected. It is agreed, says

the *Cady*, and I pronounce, if she does not make good what the *Hulla* has advanced, she shall this moment be repudiated.

The *Nayb* ran and fetched *Dilara* before the *Cady*, who asked her whether she desired to leave *Mouzaffer's* house, adding, speak madam, declare the sentiments of your heart. To which she answered, sir, the whole tenderness of my soul is towards my second husband, the son of *Massaoud*; and I humbly implore the seigneur *Cady*, that he will permit us to depart from *Mouzaffer's* house. Very well, madam, says the judge: then turning to *Taber*, added, You see, sir, the *Hulla* knows what he affirms. Ah! traitress, says the first Husband, is it possible you can be thus far seduced since yesterday? I am sorry to hear it for your sake, replies the *Cady*, but my duty calls me to give them liberty to lodge where they please. *Taber* suspecting their design, desired the *Cady* to have them narrowly watched, which he promised should be done with the strictest care and vigilance.

In short, they quitted *Mouzaffer's* house that very day, and lodged in a public inn, where they wanted for nothing. The lady had a considerable dowry, and a great number of jewels. They ac-

cordingly purchased some slaves, and gave themselves up to the enjoyments of life, as if *Coulouse* had really been the son of *Massaoud*, and expected returns from *Cogende*.

The adventure of the *Hulla*, notwithstanding the great care which was taken by *Mouzaffet* to keep it secret, soon became the topic of conversation in *Samarcande*. Persons of the highest rank came to visit the two lovers. Amongst the rest came, one day, a man in a courtlike dress, who told them he was one of the king's officers, saying, he knew what had passed at the *Cady's*, and that he interested himself in their fortunes. They expressed their gratitude, by inviting him to their table. And to signify more than common respect, *Dilara* laid aside her veil. The officer surprised with her beauty, cried out, Seigneur *Hulla*, I no longer wonder at your fortitude of mind! They sat down to dinner, where there was served up a variety of the most delicate meats, and wines of all kinds. Then perfumes were handed round. This done, the lady called for a *tabor*, upon which she played, and sung to an air in the *Uzzal* measure. Then calling for a lute, she tuned it herself, and play'd so divinely, as charmed the king's officer. Lastly, she took a guitarr, and sung a pathetic air

in the measure called *Nava*, which is always used to shew the lamentations of absent lovers. This song she composed at *Caracorum*, after the disgrace of *Couloufe*, and the softness of the notes made so deep an impression upon *Couloufe* that in a little time he melted into tears. The king's officer observing this, asked him what was the cause of his sorrow? Alas! sir, answers the son of *Abdallab*, what can it avail you to know why my eyes run down with tears? I am born for affliction! The officer not satisfied with this answer, said: In the name of every thing that is sacred, O young stranger! I conjure you to tell me your adventures. It is not out of curiosity I press to hear them, but because I find myself strongly disposed to serve you, and perhaps you will never have cause to repent of the confidence you place in me. Tell me who you are. Hide nothing from me. My history is too tedious, replies *Couloufe*. No, no, says the officer, omit not the smallest circumstance. Then the son of *Abdallab* ran thro' the whole of his adventures without reserve. Nay, he confessed, that he was not the son of *Massaoud*, but made use of that stratagem to secure to himself the possession of *Dilara*. But alas! continues he, this scheme is like to prove abortive. They have dispatched a courier to

to *Cogende*, who will return in three days; so that the *Cady*, when he is informed of the truth, will punish me with death. That thought weighs down my soul with affliction.

Couloufe mingled sighs and tears with his discourse, and *Dilara*'s grief corresponded with that of her lover. The officer also, observing the sympathy of their sorrow, was moved with compassion. Would to heaven, said he, I could prevent your coming-destiny; but it seems to me almost impossible. The *Cady* is a vigilant and inflexible magistrate. Place your confidence in providence, who can set open prisons, and over-rule the decrees of man. Here he took his leave.

It is very odd, says *Dilara*, that a man, on his own accord, should come, and offer his services to a stranger; that he should desire to know your grievances, and promise you some relief, or at least of using his utmost endeavours in our behalf, and at last to take his leave abruptly, and turn us over to providence. Madam, says *Couloufe*, wrong not the gentleman, in your thoughts. He has the appearance of a man of honour. What could he do more than commiserate our misfortune? And whence can we expect succour? The

hand of heaven alone has power to deliver us from danger.

*COULOUSE and DILARA reinstated in
their Original Grandeur.*

In the mean time this unfortunate pair employed the two remaining days in sighs and lamentations. They attempted to corrupt the guards, but in vain. And now the fatal day was come, a day, as much dreaded by these two, as it was wished for by *Mouzaffer* and his son.

When day appeared, *Coulouse* full of grief and despair, said to his wife in broken accents, adieu! I go to accomplish my destiny. As for you, live, and be ever happy; but blot not out of your remembrance the man who has loved you with so much tenderness. Cruel and unkind, says she, would you have me linger out my days in trouble and anxiety? no, no, I will accompany you to the last. *Taber*, the detestable *Taber*, shall at once see the dissolution of what he hates, and what he loves. Let us go to the place prepared for our execution. I resolve to let the world

world see, that I had rather die with you, than live with *Taber*.

The son of *Abdallah* conjured her not to give him so fatal a pledge of her affection. *Dilara* persisted in her obstinacy to die with him. While they continued their reasons on both sides, they heard a great noise at the outer gate, and immediately saw the *Cady* entering the gate, followed by several persons, amongst whom was *Mouzaffer* and his son. *Dilara* at this sight fainted away, and while she was supported by some slaves, who stepped in to her assistance, *Coulouse* run forward to meet the *Cady*, who bowing to him, smiling said, sir, the messenger is come back from *Cogende*, with one of your father *Massaoud*'s servants. He has sent you forty camels laden with stuffs, fine linen, and other merchandize. We no longer doubt of your being his son, and intreat you to forget the rough treatment you have received from us.

When the judge had done speaking, *Mouzaffer* and his son came up and asked his pardon. I give up to you, says *Taber*, all my pretensions to *Dilara*. *Coulouse* knew not what to think of this, and thought it was all mockery, when there

C 5 came

came up to him a sort of slave, who took him by the hand, and presenting to him a letter, said, your father and mother are both in good health, and impatient for your return.

Couloufe, not knowing what answer to make, redd'ned prodigiously; then breaking it open, read as follows:

“Thanks be to heaven, and blessings poured
“down upon the great prophet, upon his house-
“hold, and upon his friends.

“My dearest son, I have taken no rest since
“you left me. The poyson of your absence,
“preys upon my heart, and wastes my life insen-
“sibly. By the messenger, who came from *Mou-
“zaffer*, I am informed of all that has befallen
“you, and immediately gave orders for forty
“black camels, with large eyes, to be loaded with
“merchandize of all kinds, under the conduct of
“*Giober*, the captain of my carriages. Write in-
“stantly an account of your welfare, that
“our hearts may be comforted with gladness,
“and our health regained.”

Massaoud.

The

The son of *Abdallab* had scarce made an end of reading, when he saw forty camels enter the court. Then the captain said to him: My lord and master! let the camels be unloaded by your orders, and the goods be laid up in some great hall. What, in the name of wonder! can all this mean, says *Couloufe* aside; I have heard many surprising things, adds he, but this surpasses even admiration. In the mean time the captain accosted him as if he had known him long ago, saying, the *Cady* and *Mouzaffer* take all these appearances for truth. Be it so then, and tho' the whole is past my comprehension, says the son of *Abdallab*, let me make the best use of it. Heaven perhaps is pleased to work a miracle in my favour.

He immediately ordered the bails to be carried into the hall, and the camels to be taken care of. Now *Giober*, says he, tell me some news of our family. Are my friends and relations all well at *Cogende*? All, excepting your father, replies the captain, who thinks every hour a year, till you go thither, and take with you the lady you have espoused. While *Giober* spoke these words, the *Cady*, *Taber*, and his father, took their leave, fully persuaded that *Couloufe* was the son of *Mas-soud*, and the judge dismissed the guard.

When

When they were all gone, *Coulouse* shewed the letter to *Dilara*, who was just recover'd from her fit, and cried out: All-gracious heaven! To you alone we owe this wonderful deliverance! To you, who have taken pity upon two lovers, whose hearts you first united! Madam, replies the son of *Abdallah*, our troubles are not come to an end. No, no, my apprehensions are greater than ever. You have put me upon taking the name of a man, who must needs be in this city. We have now no watch, and nothing can obstruct our flight, but the rumour of the arrival of these camels. Thus reasoned *Coulouse*, distracted between hope and fear, expecting *Taber* and the *Cady* to enter every moment. While he was in this perplexity, the king's officer, who had been with him two days before, came in. Seigneur *Hulla*, said he, I come to congratulate your good fortune, and at the same time to reproach you. Why did you not tell that you were not the son of *Massaoud*? My dear sir, replies the son of *Abdallah*, I have told you the truth. I never saw *Cogende*, but am a native of *Damas*. Nevertheless, replies the officer, I am told you have received forty camels laden with divers kinds of stuffs, and that *Massaoud* writes to you as his son. The officer being truly informed of every particular circumstance relating to
this

this affair by *Couloufe*, concluded, that *Massaoud* had a son in *Samarcande*, and advised them to make their escape that very night ; he then bid them adieu, wishing them all manner of prosperity.

The two lovers, now left alone, prepared for their flight in the best manner they were able, and expected the night with impatience. But before it was dark, they were surprized with a great noise, and saw several horse-guards enter the court of the inn. Struck with terror at this sight, the son of *Abdallah* thought of nothing but death. His fears, nevertheless, were of short duration. They were the king's guards, and the captain, who commanded them, alighting from his horse, went into the apartment where *Couloufe* and *Dilara* were sitting, with a packet in his hand. Having saluted them both with great reverence, he turned to the husband, and said: Sir, I come from the great *Usbeck-Can*, who is desirous to see the son of *Massaoud*. He sends you this robe of honour, that you may be in a suitable dress to appear before him. The son of *Abdallah* would willingly have been excused; but was obliged to obey the orders of his majesty. He put on the robe of honour, and
when

when they came down into the court, the captain directed him to a mule, saying, I will conduct you to the palace. *Couloufe* went up to the mule, which was decorated with a saddle and bridle of gold set with diamonds, when the page, kissing the stirrup, held it to him. The *Hulla* fixed his foot in it, and lightly vaulting into the saddle, went with the guards to the palace, and was conducted to the entrance-hall, where the prince used to give audience to ambassadors. Here the grand visier took him by the hand, and led him to the king, who was seated on a throne of ivory, surrounded with all the nobles, and the grandees of *Tartary*. *Couloufe*, dazzled with the splendor of the throne, cast his looks downwards, and went to prostrate himself before him.

The king observing the dread he was struck with, said: Son of *Massaoud*, I have heard of your extraordinary adventures, I desire you will relate them, and hide nothing from me. *Couloufe*, knowing his voice, looked at the king, and found him to be the very person, who came to visit him twice before, under the disguise of an officer, and with whom he had intrusted all his secrets, fell with his face to the earth, and burst into tears. The visier instantly raising him, said: Fear not, approach

proach the king, kiss the hem of his garment. The son of *Abdallah* drew near, and did so; then stood up, bowing down his head. But *Usbeck-Can* suffer'd him not long to remain in this posture. He came down from his throne, took him by the hand, and led him into his closet, and desired him never more to apprehend the changes of fortune. You shall live with *Dilara* in my court, and shall hold the same dignity under me, as you once enjoyed at *Caracorum* under king *Mirgeban*. I made you a visit out of curiosity, and pleased with the confidence you placed in me, I resolved to save your life. The forty camels, which you possess at present, came out of my stables. I gave orders to buy the stuffs, and *Giober*, who conducted them, is an eunuch, who very seldom goes out of the seraglio. The letter, which you received, was written by *Debirkhassé*; and lest the courier, sent by *Mouzaffer*, should arrive and discover all, I yesterday sent one of my officers to meet him upon the road, and to deliver such a message to his master, as was suitable to my purpose. *Coulonse* having heard this, prostrated himself at the king's feet, returned thanks for his goodness, and vowed to have it in everlasting remembrance. He brought *Dilara* that very day to the place, where *Usbeck-Can* appointed them a magnificent apartment,

ment, with a handsome pension, and order'd the history of their loves to be transmitted to posterity by the ablest writer in *Samarcande*.

*The History of Prince CALAF and the
Princess of CHINA.*

Historians of former ages make a very honourable mention of *Calaf*; they all agree, that in the comeliness of his person, in his wit, and valour, he excelled all the princes of his age. His learning was great, and he was accurately instructed in the mystical meaning of the *Alcoran*; inasmuch as he was distinguished by the appellation of the *Phenix* of the east. He was the soul of the councils of *Timurtasch*; if at any time a war was necessary, he commanded the troops of the empire. His glorious triumphs and repeated success had obliged the neighbouring nations not to give him any disquiet.

Thus stood the affairs of the *Can* his father, when an ambassador from the sultan of *Carizme* came to his court, and demanded a yearly tribute for the future from the *Nogais Tartars*, which, if
refu-

refused, his master would enter his territories with an army of two hundred thousand men, and deprive the *Can* of his crown and life. On this important event a council was assembled, in which *Calaf* assisted, who gained over the majority to his opinion, and the ambassador was dismissed with a refusal.

Hereupon ambassadors were dispatched to the adjacent countries, to persuade them to join with the *Can* against the sultan of *Carizme*. All the neighbouring nations, and among others the *Circassians*, enter'd into an alliance with him, and promised to assist him with fifty thousand forces. While the *Nogais* were making preparations to take the field, *Carizme* advanced to *Fund*; to which place, when *Calaf* had received all his succours, he marched to meet him. But before he reached thither, his courier brought him advice, that the enemy were in sight, and approaching to give him battle. *Calaf* immediately commanded his army to halt, and put them in order for the combat, which began that morning, and lasted till night; when both the armies sounded a retreat, resolving to renew the fight the next morning. In the mean time, the general of the *Circassians*, went to the sultan's tent, and there

assured him upon oath, that if he would never exact any tribute from the people of *Circassia*, he would abandon the *Nogais*. The treaty was concluded in the night, and the general returned to his tent. On the morrow, when the army was called to arms, the *Circassians* withdrew from their allies, and marched towards their own country.

Animated by the treachery of the *Circassian* general, the *Carizmians* began the attack furiously, encompassed the *Nogais* on every side, and at length entirely defeated them. Prince *Calaf* betook himself to flight at the head of some chosen squadrons, and tho' closely pursued by six thousand horse, made his escape thro' by-roads to his father *Timutasch*, who was greatly afflicted at his ill success. Soon after an officer from the army brought them intelligence, that the sultan of *Carizme* was advancing by speedy marches, to put to death the whole family of the *Can*. Now he began to be sorry that he ever refused the tribute: but, as the *Arabian* proverb says: "Repentance comes too late when the city of *Basra* lies in ashes."

The time was now short; therefore the *Can*, the princess *Elmace*, his wife, and *Calaf*, taking the

the most valuable things out of their treasury, left *Astracan* their capital city, accompanied by several officers of the court. They marched towards the greater *Bulgaria*, to seek for refuge; and having gained the ascent of mount *Caucasus*, fell in with a gang of robbers, to the number of four thousand, who inhabited this mountain. *Calaf* with about four hundred troops attacked them, and killed many; but having lost most of his men in the engagement, he was left in the power of the banditti. Some of them seized upon the riches, while others put to death the whole retinue of the *Can*, sparing only the life of this prince, his wife, and his son, whom they left almost naked upon the mountain.

Timurtasch seeing himself reduced to this extremity, meditated attempts upon his own life. The princess melted into tears. *Calaf* alone had fortitude of mind to support the weight of this affliction. Oh! my father, oh! my mother, said he, sink not under your misfortunes. Let us hope that providence will compassionate our sufferings, and that better days will succeed after this storm of adversity. In the end his reason prevailed. I am satisfied, my son, says the *Can*; let us resign ourselves to the will of heaven. The

thieves having taken away their horses, they travelled on foot for some time, and lived upon fruits, which they found in the vallies. But in a few days they came into a desert, which afforded nothing for subsistence. Here the *Can's* spirits began to fail, and the princess was scarcely able to walk; so that *Calaf*, tho' greatly fatigued, bore them by turns upon his back. Weary, hungry, and thirsty, they came to a place full of dreadful precipices, at which the princess was so shocked, that she cried out exceedingly. The *Can* also was abandoned to rage, and determined to cast himself down headlong, to be freed from the tyranny of his fortune, saying: Any death is preferable to a life of pain and misery.

Ah! my father, says *Calaf*, why are you thus transported to your ruin? Is this your boasted resignation to the will of heaven? Tho' we cannot pass thro' these unfathomable depths to the plain; let it be my care to find out another way. Recollect yourself a while; smooth your ruffled thoughts. I shall soon return. Go then, my son, replies the *Can*. Fear nothing from my despair.

The young prince walked round the hill unable to find a passage. Deeply afflicted at this disappointment-

pointment, he fell to the earth, groaning out his sorrow, and implored heaven for relief. Then making fresh efforts to discover some path, he pursued a track which lay before him, and came to a tree which stood in the entrance to the plain, under which was a fountain of clear water. He also discover'd more trees loaded with large fruit. Overjoy'd at the sight, he ran back to give notice of it to his aged father and mother, who were the better pleased with the news, as they looked upon it to be a mark of the immediate favour of heaven, and believed their miseries were now almost at an end. *Calaf* led them to the fountain, where they all washed, and quenched their thirst. Then they eat of the fruit that the young prince gathered, which they thought delicious, having fasted so long. Sir, said *Calaf* to the *Can*, you thought that heaven had forsaken us. I implored assistance from above, and we are relieved. The supreme being is not deaf to those who put their trust in him.

They stayed here three days, then taking provision of fruits along with them, marched towards the plain. In a short time they saw before them a city; night approaching, they halted before the gate, because they were unwilling to enter by daylight,

light, being destitute of apparel. They had reposed themselves under the shade of a tree for some time, when an old man came and placed himself by them, of whom they demanded the name of the city. It is called *Faic*, says he, being the capital of the country, in which the river *Faic* takes its rise. The king *Ilenge Can* keeps his court here. I find you are great strangers. We are so, answers the *Can*. The kingdom of *Carizme* is our native soil, our abode is on the borders of the *Caspian* sea, and we exercise traffic. We set out with several other merchants for *Capchac*, but fell among thieves, who pillaged our caravan. They stripped us, as you may see, but spared our lives, and we have travelled from mount *Caucasus*, not knowing whither we were going.

The old man was sorry for their sufferings, and offered them his house. When it grew dark he brought them home with him. As we entered the door, he whispered one of his slaves, who soon returned with two merchants apprentices; one with a large bundle of mens and womens cloths, ready made; the other with a great variety of veils, turbans, and shawls. Prince *Calaf* and his father took each of them a caffetan of cloth, a vest of brocade, and a turban of *Indian* linen;

linen; the princess the attire of a woman. The host paid the merchants, sent them away, and called for supper. The table was immediately spread, and a side-board set with *China* ware, plates of sandal-wood, and of aloes, with several cups of coral perfumed with ambergrease. An excellent *Chourva*, with two side plates of spawn of sturgeon, was first set on the table. The *Can*, his wife, and *Calaf* sat down with the host, and eat of these dishes, which were replaced, by an antelope pasty, a large dish of *Pilan*, in which was the flesh of three heath fowls minced. The last service was a dish of *Tziberica*, the most delicate fish in the *Volga*; two plates of sturgeon, and the leg of a mare broiled. After which, we drank three large bottles of date brandy.

Warmed with the liquor the old man grew chearful, and strove to inspire his guests with mirth; but finding his endeavours vain, he said: Why should you afflict yourselves for the loss of goods? Is the accident which has happened to you extraordinary? Travellers and traders are daily liable to such adventures. I myself have been robbed, and was thereby reduced to extreme poverty. Give me leave to tell you my story. 'Tis a token of confidence, I am willing you should

have from me, and it may perhaps be of some service to you. I have suffered, who knows but it may enable you to support your own misfortunes. He then ordered his slaves to retire, and began.

*The History of Prince FADALLAH, Son of
BIN-ORTOC, King of MOUSEL.*

I am the son of *Bin-Ortoc*, who was the late king of *Mousel*. When I was twenty years old, my father was desirous for me to take a wife. He brought to me several beautiful slaves, but I rejected them all with indifference. They retired full of indignation, and my father was surprised at my insensibility. I told him my aversion to matrimony proceeded from the great desire I had to travel. I beg'd leave to go to *Bagdad*, and told him, I might probably think of a wife on my return. He consented, and ordered me a magnificent equipage; suffered me also to take out of his treasury four camel loads of pieces of gold.

I set out for *Bagdad* with these riches, and a hundred men out of his own guards to escort me.
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We met with no accident for several days; but one night, while we all slept in a meadow, we were attacked by a band of *Bedouin Arabians*, who murdered part of my men before I was sensible of the danger. With the remaining soldiers and officers of my fathers household, I charged the *Bedouins* very briskly, and slew above three hundred. When day-light appeared, the *Brigands*, enraged at our resistance with this handful of men, redoubled their efforts, and we were obliged to submit to their superior force. They took from us our arms and cloaths, and barbarously hewed down the men, whom they had left destitute of defence. My whole retinue perished, and I was going to share the same fate, when I told them I was prince *Fadallah*, the son of the king of *Moufel*. I'm very glad, replies the captain of the *Bedouins*, to know who you are. We hate your father; he has hanged several of our companions, now we shall make reprisals upon you. He order'd me first to be bound, seized my baggage, then carried me to his tent, where I was kept a whole day. He afterwards tied me naked to a tree, to wear away by a lingering death.

Having long continued in this posture, my last moments drew near, when a scout came to the

captain, with advice of a good booty, fix or seven leagues distant. They all mounted immediately, leaving me to expire. But heaven, that frustrates the designs of men, when they are not agreeable to his wisdom, had determined to prolong my life. The captain's wife came and released me in the night, and gave me an old caffatan of her husband's to cover my nakedness. I thanked my deliverer, and marched all night. In the morning I saw a man driving a horse loaded with two packs. I asked, whither he was going? He answer'd, to *Bagdad*. I never quitted him till I came to the entrance of the great city. When we parted, I retired to a mosque, where I staid two days and nights. At length pinched with hunger, I resolved to beg my bread, till I could find out some better expedient.

I first went to a great house, and asked alms in a loud voice, where an old she-flave, with a loaf in her hand, came to my relief; and the wind blowing aside a curtain of the window, discover'd to me a young lady of a most surprising beauty, whose eyes flashed upon my senses like lightening. I received the bread, and knowing not what I did, forgot to return the old woman thanks. I waited till night came on, for a second favourable breeze; but

but to no purpose. Before I left the house, I asked an old man, to whom it belonged. It is, says he, the house of seigneur *Mouaffac*, the son of *Adbaac*. He is a man of honour, remarkably rich, and not long since was governor of this city; but chancing to have a quarrel with the *Cady*, was by his means disgraced. I went away into a field of burial to pass the night in solitude. I eat my loaf there, with no appetite, tho' naturally hungry; then laid myself down near a sepulchre, with a heap of bricks for my pillow. I slumber'd a little; but on a sudden was surpris'd by a great noise from within. I started up to make my escape, when two men, at the entrance of the sepulchre, seized me, demanding who I was, and what my business. I am, said I, a beggar, who live upon charity, and destitute of lodging, come to pass the night here. They forced me into the sepulchre, pressed me to sit down, and to eat and drink with them. I soon found by their discourse, that I was got among robbers, who taking it for granted, that I should be glad to list into their gang, made me the proposal. I knowing not what to answer, and much affraid to provoke them, was very happily disengaged from this perplexity. The *Cady's* lieutenant, with thirty *Asa's* well armed, enter'd the place, seized the thieves and me, and

and carried us to prison, where we staid that night. Next day the *Cady* himself came to examine us. The robbers confessed their crime, and bore testimony of my innocence. I was set apart, and the judge interrogated me in private. I answer'd him a thousand questions with great sincerity, but did not discover my birth. I told him, however, of my standing under a window of *Mouaffac*'s house, to ask alms, and there accidentally saw a young lady who had charmed me.

The *Cady*, I could plainly discover, was nettled on hearing the name of *Mouaffac*; and pausing, said: Young man, it will be your own fault, if you do not possess this lady. Tho' thou wert the most abandoned of mankind, I engage to procure thee her person. Leave the affair to me, and make thy fortune. He immediately took me to the *Hamman*, and sent for *Mouaffac*, as if on business of importance. On his entrance the judge saluted him, and embraced him several times when he came into the house. Heaven, says the *Cady*, will not suffer us to live in enmity any longer. The prince of *Basra* came last night to *Bagdad*, and lodges in my house. He having heard of your daughter's beauty, came away unknown to his father, to demand her of you in marriage. I
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am amazed, says *Mouaffac*, that this prince should think of honouring me by marrying my daughter *Zemroude*; and much more so, that he should pitch upon you to be the messenger of this news. Say no more, says the judge, of what has passed.

Mouaffac was naturally of a good and gentle disposition, suffer'd himself to be imposed upon by these false appearances, and gave himself up to the treachery of the *Cady*. Upon my coming out of the *Hamman*, he gave me a costly robe, with a turban of *Indian* muslin fringed with gold; in which I enter'd the room while they were embracing. Great prince, says the *Cady* to me, blessings attend your footsteps! How shall my tongue express the honour you have done me? *Mouaffac* consents to give you his daughter. He likewise made me a profound reverence, and said: O! son of a great king, I am confounded with the honour you design to do my daughter. Judge all of you, how I must be astonished at these speeches. The *Cady* observing my confusion, said, It would be more to your mutual satisfaction, if the contract of marriage was this instant performed before credible witnesses. This said, he drew up the contract, and order'd his *Aga* to go for proper vouchers.

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The contract was read, and signed by me, *Mouaffac* and the witnesses; the *Cady* having put the finishing hand to it, said to *Mouaffac*, secrecy and diligence are requisite. Here is your son-in-law. Give orders for the consummation of the marriage. My father-in law carried me home with him, and led me into his daughter's apartment, and left me alone, after having told her what had passed at the *Cady's* house. *Zimroude* imagining me to be the prince of *Basra*, received me as a husband. My youth also, and the earnestness of my love, made some impressions upon her. I redoubled my care to please, and from time to time I grew upon her inclinations. *Mouaffac* was busied in preparing a magnificent entertainment on the occasion, and invited a great number of his relations. The banquet was followed by music and dancing. While the company was thus engaged, I perceived the bride withdraw with her mother. Soon after the father led me to a chamber richly furnished, where *Zimroude* was newly laid in a bed of gold brocade. They soon retired, and left me alone with her. I put off my cloaths, thanked heaven for my good fortune, and placed myself in the same bed by her, whom I loved beyond my life.

Early in the morning I heard a knocking at the door of my chamber; I rose, opened the door. Whom should I see, but the *Cady's* black *Aga* with a bundle, who thus accosted me: You fortune hunter, the *Cady* presents his service, and desires you will send him back the dress which he lent you yesterday to personate the prince of *Basra*. Here, take your old tattered equipage. I delivered his things, and put on my tattered caffetan. *Zimroude* overheard part of this message, and seeing my mean apparel: What did that fellow say to you? Madam, replied I, The *Cady* is a villain. He thinks he has married you to a wretch, when your husband is a prince. I am son of the king of *Moussel*, and my name is *Fadallah*. She immediately sent for a princely robe, vest, and turban, as rich as the other, and I was dressed in greater magnificence than before. But, sir, said she, tell no body who you are, till I have punished the *Cady* for his wicked intentions. Leave that to me. — Here is a dyer in this city who has a most frightful daughter — but no more. Let it satisfy you to know, that I meditate a revenge, that shall mortify the *Cady*, and make him the laughing stock of the city.

I did not cross her inclinations. She dressed herself in plain, but neat apparel, covered her face with a thick veil, and asked my leave to go abroad; went directly to the *Cady's*, and stood in the corner of a hall, where he distributed justice to the people. He no sooner saw her but was struck with the stateliness of her presence; and sent an officer to ask who she was. She answered, she was the daughter of an artisan, and desired to speak with the *Cady*. He immediately ordered her into a closet, on one side of the tribunal. He followed, and placing himself by her, was smitten with her beauty. You, sir, says she, who do justice to the rich and poor alike, take pity of my wretched condition. Then taking her veil quite off, examine my features, added she; then raising herself from the sofa, said: Regard my shape and air, do you see the least disproportion in me. I am charmed, replies the judge, I have never seen any thing so compleat.

I must inform you then, sir, with all this profusion of beauty, I live shut up in a house where no man, nor woman is permitted to enter. I have a number of courtiers, who are all turned away by my father's inhumanity. He tells one I am lame, another that I'm a fool, and a third that I
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am ugly and deformed; so that I stand condemned to live and die a maid. For this cause, sir, I have stolen out, and come to throw myself into your arms, and implore your assistance. Have compassion on me, or I shall pierce my heart with my own dagger to put an end to my misery.

No, no, says the *Cady*, cease thy sighs and tears. This very day thou shalt be made the wife of the judge of *Bagdad*. Give me your consent, and fear not your father's displeasure. Where does he dwell, and what is your name? His name, replies *Zimroude*, is *Ousta Omar*, he is a dyer, and lives at the palm-tree, upon the east key of the *Dagela*. Enough, says the *Cady*, go home, you shall soon hear more. She then looking kindly upon the judge, put on her veil, and came directly to me, transported with her success.

The magistrate soon dispatched a messenger to the dyer, commanding him to appear before him. When he came, he was put into the same closet, and placed upon the same sofa as *Zimroude* was seated upon. The poor man astonished with the honour which was done to him, and not knowing how to behave himself, friend *Omar*, says the *Cady*, I am glad to see you. I have always heard

a good character of you, and am informed you have a daughter ripe for marriage. Is it not true? Great judge! replies the dyer, I have a daughter turned of thirty; but the poor creature is extremely ugly, lame, and foolish. Away, says the *Cady*, I knew beforehand, how you would set off your daughter; but in spite of all her defects I am passionately fond of her, and am resolved to marry her.

My lord, says *Omar*, I find you have a mind to make a jest of my daughter and me. No, indeed, says the *Cady*, I demand her of you. At this the dyer burst into laughter, and said: By our prophet she is not fit for you. She is dropfical — True, interrupts the judge, the very same. Once more rejoins the dyer, she will not do. She goes by the name of *Cayfacattaddabri*, and justly deserves the name. Say no more, says the *Cady*. I tell you once for all, you shall bestow her upon me. The dyer seeing him determined to espouse his daughter, and that some one had abused him, said: My lord, I will obey your commands, if you will comply with the terms. Before I part with her, you shall pay me down a dowry of a thousand sequins of gold. Your demands run high, says the *Cady*; but here they are for you. They were
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instantly counted out, and the dyer carried them off. Now the contract was drawn up, which the artisan refused to sign, but in the presence of a hundred witnesses, all men of the law; which was done accordingly.

The *Cady* two years before had married the daughter of a merchant of *Bagdad*, who hearing of his preparations for another marriage, rallied him so severely, that he could bear it no longer. Says she, Repudiate me, return my dowry, and you shall see me no more. I was in some pain how to get rid of you, says the judge, and taking out of his coffer a purse of five hundred sequins of gold, put it into her hand, and said: There woman, be gone. "I divorce thee once; I divorce thee twice; three times I divorce thee." These words I give thee in writing, signed by the *Nayb* and myself, to satisfy thy parents as the laws require. She went away with the bill of divorce, and her dowry.

When his first wife was gone, he ordered an apartment to be magnificently furnished for the reception of the dyer's daughter. Every thing being in readiness, and he waiting with impatience, a porter arrived, carrying a chest of deal, covered over with green taffeta. What hast thou

brought here, friend, says the judge? My lord, replies the porter, setting the chest upon the floor, I bring your bride. Take off the cover, and look at her. He did so, and saw a damsel three feet and a half high, defective in every limb and every feature. Merciful heaven! says he, is it possible to marry a monster like this?

The dyer, well knowing the judge would be extremely surprised, came in. Thou wretch, says the *Cady* to him, who dost thou take me for? To trifle with me thus, shews the height of impudence. Tremble at my rage. Send me speedily your other daughter, whose beauty is beyond all comparison. My lord, says *Omar*, give over your threats, I beseech you; I swear by him who out of darkness produced light, that I have no other daughter than this. I told you over and over she was not fit for your purpose; but if you would not believe me, which is to blame?

The *Cady* began to cool, and recollecting himself told the dyer what had happened to him in the morning. My lord, answers the artisan, that beautiful damsel must be an impostor; some one without doubt owes you a spight. At this the judge remained silent for some time, then said, it
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is a punishment I deserved. But no more of that. Bid the porter, I beseech thee, carry thy daughter back again, and keep the thousand sequins, which I have given thee. My lord says the dyer, I shall comply with your request, and take my daughter off your hands.

The Cady disgraced.

FADALLAH and ZIMROUDE go to
MOUSEL.

Every body was pleased with the deceit which had been put upon the *Cady*. And *Mouaffac* advised me, to make a visit to the prince of the faithful, and to let him know my name and my history. I went accordingly, and told the *Calif* every circumstance. He listened with attention, and blamed me for not making myself known to him before. He presented me with a *Calate*, and a costly diamond, which he wore upon his finger. He treated me with excellent sherbet, and when I came to my father-in-law's, I found six large pieces of *Persian* brocade of gold and silver, two pieces of *kemkha*, and a fine *Persian* horse, with

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rich trappings. Moreover, he reinstated *Mounssac* in the government of *Bagdad*, and to punish the *Cady* for his intended imposition, he condemned him to perpetual imprisonment, and obliged him to live with *Omar's* daughter.

I sent a courier to *Moussel* to acquaint the king my father of every thing that had befallen me since I left him. The messenger, on his return, informed me, that *Bin-Ortoc*, hearing of my falling into the hands of the *Bedouin Arabians*, and, imagining I was cut to pieces, died of grief, and that my cousin *Amadiddin Zengui* was in possession of the throne, who wanted to resign to me the crown. These tidings made me hasten my return to *Moussel*. I took leave of the *Calif*, who gave me three thousand horse to conduct me to my own dominions.

I had not performed one half of my journey, before the van-guard of my escort saw a body of troops marching towards us, which came from *Moussel*, with my cousin at the head of them. When we enter'd into the city, I was received by the acclamations of the people.

I reigned over the most affectionate subjects, and loved *Zimroude* more and more every day. Thus was my happiness compleat, till a young *Dervis* became my principal favourite, whom I looked upon to be the most accomplish'd person I ever beheld. One day I took the diversion of hunting, and separating myself from the throng, the *Dervis* and I were alone, when he began to entertain me with his travels, told me of a great many curiosities he had seen, particularly of a secret with which an aged *Brachman* in the *Indies* had intrusted him with. And what may be the nature of this rare secret, says I, is it to make gold? No, no, sir, replies he, it is by far more curious. It is to reanimate a dead body. To restore to a corps the same soul that is departed from it, is a miracle in the power of heaven alone. But I can make my soul enter into the body of any man or creature that is deprived of life. I wish, said the king, you would perform the experiment. That instant a doe came bounding by, which his majesty shot dead with an arrow, crying, now, sir, try your art. Your curiosity shall be satisfied, says the *Dervis*. At these words his body fell breathless to the ground, and that of the doe resumed its activity. Altho' I could not distrust my own eyes, yet I took it for

a delusion, when the doe, after making several bounds, came and fauned upon me. Then she fell, and the body of the *Dervis* came to life again.

I was highly affected with so wonderful a secret, and at length persuaded him to communicate it to me. The whole, sir, replies he, consists in retaining only two words, which I will teach you. I had no sooner learned them, than I was impatient to try their virtue; I pronounced them, and my soul passed into the body of the doe, and the traytor instantly conveyed his into my body, and bending my own bow, took his aim to wound me, which I evaded.

I was now reduced to associate with the inhabitants of the woods and mountains, while he filled the throne of *Moufel*, and possessed *Zimroude* without a rival. He left his body in the wood, and the very day he usurped my dignity, order'd all the does in the kingdom to be killed, and offer'd thirty sequins for the head of every one. Tho' the people destroyed great numbers, I had no reason to fear their arrows: for perceiving a nightingale dead at the foot of a tree, I enlivened its little body, and flew to a thick, shady tree, in
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the garden of the palace, which grew near the queen's apartment, where I vented my grief in harmonious accents.

I continued several days in the garden, and never omitted to sing every morning in the same place. *Zimroude* never failed to come to the window, saying, I dote upon that little creature. The most experienced bird-catchers were employed to take me; and as I knew their design upon my liberty was only to deliver me to the princess, they soon succeeded. She expressed great joy on my coming into her hands. She kissed me, and I turned my bill gently to her lips. Poor fool, says she, it seems to know what I say. She put me into a cage of golden wire. I sung every morning as soon as she awoke, and when she came to fondle me, spread my wings to signify my joy. In short, I endear'd myself so very much to her, that she would often say, she should be inconsolable if I should die. It was some pleasure to me to be constantly in the queen's apartment, tho' I paid dear for it, when the *Dervis* came to visit her. From time to time I lifted up my eyes to heaven for vengeance: I did nothing but flutter up and down the cage when he was present, and,

when he came near me, expressed fury with my beak.

The queen had in her chamber likewise a little bitch she was fond of. This creature, one day when we were alone, died in labour, and I translated myself into her corps. How this fancy came into my thoughts, I know not, unless by the secret impulse of heaven. As soon as *Zimroude* saw the nightingale was dead, she shrieked out, and alarmed all her slaves. Upon this, one of them ran to acquaint the *Dervis* of her Condition. He came in haste, and represented to her, that the loss was not irreparable. If she loved nightingales, he could easily gratify her. Cease to combat my grief, says she, my poor, dear, lovely bird, I have lost thee for ever! At these words her tears redoubled. I began to presage some good fortune to myself from the extremity of her affliction, and lay close in one corner of the room, giving suck to my young ones; where I observed every thing.

The *Dervis*, who loved her passionately, finding she could not be reasoned out of her immoderate grief, order'd her slaves to withdraw, and leave him and the queen alone. Madam, says he, since the death of your nightingale gives you so much

much uneasiness, afflict yourself no more; he must be brought to life again. When you awake to-morrow, you shall hear him sing. You look upon me as a distracted person, sir, whose phrenzy is to be flatter'd; and so by deferring my expectations from day to day, you hope, by degrees, to make me forget my bird, or else to convey another into the cage, and beguile my sorrow. No, my queen, replies the *Dervis*, it shall be this very bird which lies dead in the cage. This very fondling shall become more sensible than ever of your kindness. I myself will animate his little frame, and every morning awake him into life to divert you. If you are over impatient to see your bird revive, I will bring him to life this moment.

The princess made no answer; but rightly judging that her silence gave consent, he laid himself upon a sofa, where, by the virtue of those *Cabalistical* words which he had before taught me to repeat, his soul enter'd the body of the nightingale; and the bird began immediately to sing in the cage, to the great astonishment of *Zimroude*. But his melody lasted not long; for as soon as he began to warble, I left the body of the bitch, and hastily assumed my own. This point gained, I ran to the cage, and taking out the bird in a passion;

sion, I twisted off his neck. What are you doing, sir, says the princess to me, if you did not think proper to let him live, why did you bring him to life? So intent was I upon the vengeance I had accomplished; heaven be praised, added I, the outrage done to my honour and to my love is now revenged. Sir, said she, what means all you have done and spoken? I told her what I had suffer'd, and, as I went on with my story, I observed her agonies. Her cheeks glowed, and turned pale, to reflect upon her unfaithfulness, tho' ignorant and innocent of what she had done. I soon made her sensible that I was the true *Fadallah*; of which truth, the body of the *Dervis* being found in the Wood, and the copy of the edict he had given out to have all the does killed, were sufficient evidence.

But oh! that I had never inform'd *Zimroude* of the particulars of this wonderful adventure! Alas! what is the depth of human wisdom? Do we not know that the good and the evil, which attend us in this life, are fixed, and pre-ordained from the beginning? The queen was so greatly troubled, that the vile *Dervis* had tasted the sweets of her person, that I was not able to restore to her peace of mind. All the assurances I gave her
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of my unalterable affection could not prevail upon her to forget this unhappy accident. In short, she sickened and died, and with her dying breath begged of me to forgive her for a crime no way imputable to her.

After I had paid the solemnities of mourning, for so dear a life, I sent for prince *Amadeddin Zengui*. My cousin, said I, I have no children; I resign the crown of *Moufel* to you. Adieu to the grandeur of sovereignty! I resolve to pass the rest of my life in obscurity. *Amadeddin* loved me exceedingly, and used all possible arguments to divest me off this resolution. Prince, says I, the purpose of my soul is fixed. A life of privacy is an unenvied situation. There, free from the troubles which attend upon empire, I shall give myself up to bemoan the loss of *Zimroude*, and recollecting the happy hours we have passed together, alleviate my grief by that pleasing remembrance. Accordingly I left *Amadeddin* upon the throne of *Moufel*, and set out for *Bagdad*, with a few slaves, and a good quantity of gold and jewels. I arrived safely, and alighted at *Mouaffac's* house. He, and his wife were astonished to see me, but much more so when I informed them of the death of their daughter. I delivered the un-
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welcome news in tears, which excited the same in them. I did not long continue there; but joining a company of *Tartar* pilgrims, I came with them to this city, and pleased with its situation, I settled in this place near forty years ago; where I pass for a stranger, and rarely receive any visits. *Zimroude* is never absent from my thoughts, and her dear image is perpetually before me.

*The Continuation of the History of Prince
CALAF, and the Princess of CHINA.*

F*adallab* having ended his story, said to his guests: You see by my misfortunes and your own, that man's life is a bubble, tofs'd about with every blast of wind. The *Can* admired his magnanimity; *Elmaze* his constancy; and *Calaf* wished that all men were possessed of his fortitude of mind, that they might be enabled to resist the several assaults of fortune. The conversation lasted till bed-time; when *Fadallab* called his slaves, who brought in wax tapers in candlesticks made of the wood of aloes, and led the royal strangers into a room, where the same simplicity appeared, the king and queen to one chamber, the prince

prince into another. Early in the morning the old man came into the *Can's* apartment and told him, that the sultan of *Carizme* had sent an ambassador to *Ilinge Can*, to request him to refuse his protection to the *Can* of *Nogais*, and to have him seized, if he should pass thro' the country of *Faic*. Upon this *Timurtasch* and his son *Calaf* turned pale, and the princess *Elmaze* fainted away. When she had recovered, *Fadallah* said, If I may be allowed to speak my thoughts, I believe you three are the objects of the sultan's vengeance. Yes, sir, answers *Timurtasch*, we are the victims he seeks to sacrifice. I hope you will assist us with your councils to escape from this danger.

This, replies the old king of *Mouzel*, is a critical conjuncture. *Ilinge Can* dreads the sultan of *Carizme*, and there is no doubt but he will make diligent search after you. You have no other security but to depart out of the land of *Faic*, with all speed, and gain the frontiers of the tribe of *Beras*; then presenting them with three horses, some provisions, and a purse of gold, added, Begone, you have no time to lose. After several days journey, they arrived upon the territories of *Berlas*, and stopped at the first *Horde* they met with. Here they sold their horses, and lived comfortably

as long as their money lasted ; but that failing, the king began to murmur, saying, Heaven, notwithstanding our submission to its will, pursues us with misery from place to place. Let us never despair, says *Calaf*; that providence, which disposes of events, has some good in reserve for us. Let us go to the capital *Horde* of this tribe. My heart presages we shall see a change of fortune.

Thither they went, and entering under a great tent, which was set apart for the reception of strangers, laid themselves down in a corner, not knowing how to procure subsistence. *Calaf* here left his parents, and went further into the *Horde*, to crave alms. He gleaned a little money and provisions, and returned with them towards the close of the evening. On their being told that the prince had been begging for them, they wept bitterly. The tears also began to trickle down *Calaf's* cheeks, who said: How great soever the shame is, I do it willingly for your sake. There is but one more expedient, continues he, which I can think of, that is, to sell me for a slave, which will supply you with money for a considerable time. What says my son, replies the *Can*, shall we live upon the price

price of your liberty? Rather let our hardships continue. Then, sir, says *Calaf*, I will go and place myself amongst the men who carry burdens, and you shall subsist upon my labour. This resolution was agreed upon, and *Calaf* went among the porters, where he waited till the day was half spent, but met with no business. Hereupon he left the *Horde*, and strolled forward into the country, where he sat down under a tree, and after having prayed to heaven for assistance, fell asleep. When he awoke, he saw upon a bough near him a beautiful hawk, whose head was adorned with a plume of feathers, of a thousand various colours, with a chain of gold foliage about his neck, enriched with diamonds, topazes and rubies. *Calaf*, who was skilled in falconry, presented his wrist, and the bird pitched upon it. The prince transported with this accident, said to himself, In all appearance this bird must belong to the sovereign of the *Horde*! Nor did he guess wrong. It proved to be the hawk of *Alinguer*, *Can of Berlas*, which that prince had lost the day before, and his falconers had sought after with the utmost diligence, because their master threatened to punish them severely, if they came back without it.

When *Calaf* came back to the *Horde* with the hawk, the people shouted, and said, Blessings upon the man who brings glad tidings to the prince, and presents him with his favourite bird. On his coming up to the royal pavillion with the hawk upon his wrist, the *Can* was transported; bid him welcome, and enquired where he found it; and was answer'd in every particular. Then, adds the *Can*, You seem to be a stranger; from what country, and of what profession are you? Sir, says *Calaf*, casting himself at his feet; I am the son of a merchant of *Bulgary*, who was very rich. I, with my father and mother, took a journey into the land of *Faic*, and fell among robbers, who spared nothing but our lives; and we have begged our provisions on the way to this *Horde*.

Young man, answers the *Can*, I am pleased you have had the good fortune to bring my hawk! for I have sworn to give the person that found him, and deliver'd him again into my possession, three things. Let me know what you desire I should do for you. Since I am permitted, says *Calaf*, to desire three things, I wish, in the first place, that my father and mother, who are in the strangers tent, had a tent allotted to themselves, within the verge of your court, to be maintain'd
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at your expence during their lives, and be served by some of the officers of your household. Secondly, I desire one of the best horses in your stables, ready saddled and bridled. And, lastly, a princely habit compleat, with a rich sabre, and a purse of gold to enable me to undertake a journey. These desires are answer'd, says *Alinguer*, bring hither thy parents, they shall be entertain'd as you require. To-morrow you shall have a princely habit compleat, with the finest horse in my stables, and go where you please.

Calaf fell at his feet a second time, thanked him for the honour and favour he had received, and returned to *Elmaze* and *Timurtasch*, who expected him with impatience. Our fortunes are already changed, says he; then related the adventure, which highly pleased them, and they consider'd it as a sure presage of future happiness. They follow'd *Calaf*, who conducted them to the *Can*. The prince immediately appointed them a tent, and order'd them to be treated in all things like himself.

On the morrow *Calaf* was cloathed in a magnificent habit, when the *Can* himself deliver'd to him a sabre, the handle of which was studded with

diamonds, and a purse filled with sequins of gold. He then order'd one of his best horses to be brought, which *Calaf* mounted, and made him perform his caracols with so much ease and address, as charmed the *Can* and his courtiers.

This done, he paid his obeysance to *Alinguer*, embraced his father and mother, and took the road towards *China*. When he arrived at the great city of *Pequin*, he alighted at the house of an old widow woman in the suburbs, and asked whether she could furnish him with lodgings, and whether she had a place convenient for his horse? Yes, sir, said she, and led the horse into a little stable on the back of the house. Then returning to *Calaf*, he asked if she had any body to send to market for something to eat? She answer'd, she had a son who would do that business very well. Upon this he took a sequin of gold out of his purse, and put it into the boy's hand, after he had given him proper instructions. In the mean time, he put a thousand questions to the hostess, and, in the end, enquired the character of the emperor, and if she thought it would be of any advantage to devote himself to his interest. Without doubt, replies the old woman, he is a generous prince, and loves and is beloved by his subjects. I am
fur-

surprized you never heard of *Altoun Can*, whose goodness is so notorious. Surely, then, rejoins the prince of the *Nogais*, he must be the most happy sovereign in the universe. And yet he is not, answers the widow. What destroys his quiet is, the princess *Tourandocte* his only daughter; and as I have one, who has the honour to be in the seraglio, I shall entertain you with a distinct relation of this affair.

The old hostess's Account of TOURAN-DOCTE.

This princess, continues she, is in the nineteenth year of her age, and so very beautiful, that the best painters in the east are not able to express half her charms; tho' the different sketches they have taken of her have made great havock. To her ravishing beauty, she joins a mind so embellished, that she is mistress of every accomplishment, and perfectly skilled in all those sciences, which are proper only for men to be instructed in. She understands geography, arithmetic, and philosophy. She has studied the laws, and the moral precepts of our

great legislator *Berginghuzin*, But all these perfections are eclipsed by her Insensibility.

About two years ago, the king of *Thebet* sent to demand her for his son, upon seeing a picture of her. *Altoun Can*, pleased with this alliance, proposed him to her; but she rejected the proposition with disdain; and, by her haughtiness and detestible cruelty, afflicts her father to such a degree, as renders his life miserable. On this occasion she fell into a fit of sickness, out of mere obstinacy. The physicians, knowing the cause of her illness, told the king, that she would infallibly die, if he persisted to compel her to marry this prince. He loved her to distraction, and sensible of the danger she was in, sent back the ambassadors of *Thebet* with an absolute denial. That, sir, says she, will not be sufficient. If you desire I should not die, you must oblige yourself by Oath not to thwart my inclinations; and also publish an edict, that whatsoever prince shall demand me, must not expect my consent, before he answers such questions as I shall think proper to propose, in the hearing of all the professors of the law in this city. If his answers prove right, I will marry him; if otherwise, his head shall be struck off before your palace.

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The king concluding that this edict would be attended with no ill consequences, because he thought no prince would be so rash as to hazard his life by so desperate an undertaking, and that the cure of his daughter depended upon it, order'd it should be published, and swore by the laws of *Bergingbuzin*, that it should be punctually observed. *Tourandocte* relying upon the sacredness of his oath, which she knew he would never violate, was soon restored to perfect health.

As there are very few princes who think meanly of their own understanding, the reputation of her beauty drew divers of the young and unexperienced into her apartment. But she had an aversion to men. My dear daughter, says the king, suppose some one, disregarding my edict, should present himself, and answer justly to your questions? That, replies she, is what I have no reason to fear. I am contented to run the risk. Many of them presented themselves, to answer the questions proposed, but perished without mercy. The king, deeply touched with compassion, repented of his oath, and resolved rather to let her die, than preserve her life at so dear a rate. He employ'd the best measures to prevent any future murders, and now never consents, that any

prince should previously expose his life, but with the utmost caution, and with his consent. Nevertheless, some rash young men, intoxicated with the hopes of possessing *Tourandocle*, overlook the danger which surrounds her. The king seems touched with the deaths of these unhappy princes: but his daughter glories in the bloody spectacles. Not long since, a young prince, who thought he had skill enough to answer all her questions, lost his life, and this very night another is to die, who came to the court of *China*, ~~guided~~ on by the same destructive passion.

Calaf was very attentive to what his hostess related, and coolly answer'd, I doubt not but the painters have added to her charms, and that they have flatter'd her with their pencils, since her picture has produced effects so extraordinary. I cannot imagine *Tourandocle* is so beautiful. Sir, rejoins the widow, her charms are far beyond what I can express. I have often seen her, when I visited my daughter in the seraglio. Form in your mind every grace and feature you please, for the completion of a perfect beauty, you will not be able to form a piece that may in the least stand in competition with that of the princess. Tho' *Calaf* did not believe all the old woman said; yet he felt

felt a secret kind of pleasure in her discourse; and said, I'm of opinion, the princes, who could not penetrate into the meaning of her questions, were all men of narrow capacities. No, no, replies the old woman; never were any enigma's so dark and obscure as her interrogatories; and it is next to an impossibility to answer them.

While they were talking to this effect, the little boy, who had been sent to market, brought in the provisions; of which *Calaf* eat with the appetite of a traveller. Night approaching, the tymbals of justice began to resound in the streets. The prince enquired of the old woman, what was the meaning of that noise. It is, says she, to give notice to the people, that the prince, I before told you of, is this night beheaded. He willing to see the execution, went into the streets, and, mixing with the croud, came into the court of the palace, where the tragical scene was represented.

Here he beheld a very high wooden tower, cover'd with branches of cypress, within which hung a vast number of lamps, which enlightened the whole court. Below there was a scaffold cover'd with white sattin, and round it stood several pavillions of white taffeta. Behind these, 2000

guards were placed, two ranks deep, with drawn swords and axes in their hands. *Calaf*, intent upon every object, observed a confused noise of drums and bells, which sounded from the top of the tower. At the same time twenty *Mandarins*, and as many men of the law, cloathed in white Woolen robes, came to the scaffold, and sat down under the pavillions.

In the next place appeared the victim, adorned with flowers, interwoven with cypress, and a blue fillet round his head. He was a young prince about eighteen years old, attended by a *Mandarin*, who led him by the hand, and followed the executioner. When they mounted the scaffold, the *Mandarin* asked the prince, Whether he was not sensible of the king's edict, before he made his addresses to the princess, and whether his majesty did not endeavour to dissuade him from the attempt? The prince answer'd in the affirmative, and added, I impute my death to myself alone, and forgive you all. Then his head was cut off by the sudden stroke of a sabre, and his body put into a coffin of ivory and ebony, which six *Mandarins* carried into the garden of the seraglio, where the king had erected a place of burial for these unhappy princes, where he often went alone to

to weep over them, to atone for his daughter's barbarity.

Calaf staid in the court till all was over, and not far off observed a man crying profusely. He adressed his speech to him, and said, I sympathize in your sorrow, and make no doubt but you was acquainted with the young prince, who was put to death. Ah! sir, answer'd he, redoubling his tears, I should know him intimately, for I bred him up. Oh! unhappy king of *Samarcande*, How wilt thou grieve at thy son's fate! Who dares carry to thee the mournful message?

Calaf enquired by what means the prince of *Samarcande* became enamour'd of the princess of *China*! I will tell you, sir, says his governor. A famous painter came into the city with the pictures of different princesses, which he shewed to my royal master, who, when he had examined them, said, I am persuaded the originals are highly obliged to you for the flattery of your pencil. Sir, replies the painter, I have one piece, which you have not seen, more beautiful than any of these, and yet it falls short of the original. Then taking it out with his hand, added, It is the portrait of the princess of *China*. My master took it

it, and imagining it was beyond the power of nature to form a being so perfect, cried out, The world does not contain so charming a creature! The painter protested, that the most masterly hand could never be able to express her lovely features. Depending upon the assurances of the artist, my master bought the picture, which made so strong an impression upon him, that he quitted his father's court without letting me into the secret; and we never stopped till our arrival in this city. Here he proposed to serve in *Altoun Can's* army, in order to demand the princess in marriage. We were informed of the severe edict which the king had published, at which my prince expressed great satisfaction. I will instantly go, says he, and answer the questions of *Tourandæte*. Why should I despair of obtaining the princess! When he was preparing for death, he gave the picture to me, saying, I intrust you with this inestimable piece. Shew it my father, when you inform him of my destiny: but I resolve ⁺far to retire ⁺from this place, to lament a prince who was so dear to me. O barbarous princess! -- Having thus expressed his grief, he threw down a box, and went away full of indignation.

Calaf

Calaf gathered up the box, in which was the picture, and, intending to return to his old hostess, missed the way in the dark, and got out of town before he was aware. He waited impatiently for daylight, to see the beauty of *Tourandocte*. Before the sun arose, he opened the box, and took out the picture, but hesitated awhile ere he looked upon it, saying to himself, Why do I desire to cast my eyes on so dangerous an object. But can there be any danger in looking at a mixture of colours? I will mortify her vanity, by letting her see I can behold her image without emotion. He examined it, admired the turn of her face, the regularity of her features, and every one appeared to him to be in perfection; and tho' he was upon his guard, he suffer'd himself to be charmed. Into what disorder, continues he, has this picture put my senses? From this moment all peril vanishes!

Calaf being determin'd to demand the princess, return'd to his hostess. Ah! my son, said she, I have been in pain for you all night. He replied, I'm sorry you should have any trouble on my account; then related all that had passed, and shew'd the picture, saying, I cannot imagine it comes up to the beauty of the original. By the

the soul of the prophet *Jacmouny*, cried the old woman, the princess is a thousand times handsomer; I wish you had seen her, you would be of my opinion. I am extremely pleased, rejoins he, that her beauty, in your eye, is above all the efforts of painting. I die with impatience. I'll try whether my fate will not be more happy than the prince of *Samarcande*.

What design is it you have formed, my son? says the widow; and do you think to put it in execution? Yes, mother, says *Calaf*, this very day will I offer myself to answer her questions. The hostess burst into tears, saying, Ah! my lord, in the name of God, think no more of it. Hate her. Despise her for her cruelty. Ah! mother, replies he, don't touch me in the most tender part; nothing in the world shall prevent this enterprize. When the widow found he would not hearken to her advice, it added to her affliction. Ah! says she, would you had never come within my doors; never heard of the name of *Tou andocte*! You fell in love on my praising her. Ah! wretch that I am! — The prince interrupting her, said, I must needs tell you, I don't believe your prophet *Jacmouny*, He shall not make me alter my resolution. However, he staid at the hostess's house all the day,

day, while she went about to the hospitals to distribute alms; and to the *Bowzes* with ready money, to purchase their intercession with *Berging-buzin*. In the morning the prince was more resolute in his design. Adieu! madam, said he, to the widow, and left her. Hereupon the hostess set her head on her knees, and continued thus in a fit of grief which is not to be expressed.

The young prince, dressed, perfumed, and fairer than the morn, went directly to the palace. He found five elephants tied at the gate, and two thousand soldiers drawn up on each side. One of the chief officers, knowing him to be a stranger, stopped him, demanding his business. I come, says he, to beg of the king, that he will permit me to answer his daughter's questions. The officer astonished, replied, Do you know, prince, that what you come about is death? Were you as wise as a *Mandarin of Science*, you would never find out the meaning of her ambiguous words. I thank you for your council, replied *Calaf*; but I am not come hither to go back as I came. Go, and die then, says the officer.

CALAF'S *Entrance into the Palace of*
ALTOUN CAN,

And demanding the Princess of CHINA.

As Calaf passed thro' the guards, some of the officers said, How handsome, and well made that young prince is; 'tis pity he should die so soon! He was, however, conducted thro' several halls, and at length came to that where the king gave audience. His throne was made of the steel of *Catai*, in the form of a dragon, about three cubits high, adorned with diamonds, and supported with four lofty pillars of the same metal. *Altoun Can*, array'd in a vest of gold brocade, sat upon it. The monarch, after he had given audience to some of his subjects, turned his eyes upon the young prince, who was in the crowd. He appearing to be a stranger, and of no common rank, the king called one of his *Mandarin*s, and order'd to enquire of his quality and business. You may tell his majesty, says *Calaf*, that I am the only son of a sovereign, and am come to endeavour to be his son-in-law.

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Upon this information the king dismissed all the people, his countenance changed pale, he descended from his seat, and came down to *Calaf*. Rash youth, says he, do you know the rigour of my edict? Yes, my lord, replies the prince, I am sensible of all the danger I run. My eyes were witnesses of the death of the prince of *Samar-cande*; but that has only inflamed the desire I have to deserve her. What madness is this! says the king; scarce is one prince dead, but another presents himself for a sacrifice. What blindness! what temerity! Return to your father's dominions, and let him not have the affliction to hear, that he must never expect to see his only son again. I pity you more than any I have seen before. My lord, replies *Calaf*, I take it for a happy omen, that I have the good fortune to please your majesty. Perhaps heaven, moved by former miseries, will make use of me to put a stop to them, if only to secure the quiet of your life. Once more, my son, says the king, let me persuade you to desist. I love you, and you are in an error to think you can answer her questions on the spot. You have but half a quarter of an hour to study on each: that is the rule. Make your serious reflections on what I have said, and tomorrow come and tell me your final resolution.

What the king said had no manner of influence upon *Calaf*. He was only mortified that he must wait till the morrow; so returned to his hostess, and went to the palace again the next day, where the king received him in his closet. Well, prince, said he, in what sentiments do you come? My liege lord, replies *Calaf*, I am determined to suffer the same death as my rivals, if heaven has not otherwise pre-ordained my destiny. The king was sore afflicted; he smote his breast, and tore his beard. Ah! my son, says he, embracing the prince, if my reasons have no force with you, give way to my grief. To deprive you of life will hazard my own. Stay, if you will, in my court: You shall have the first rank next to myself. You shall have handsome slaves, and I will look upon you as my son. Renounce your pretensions, and let me have the pleasure of depriving my daughter, that bloody princess, of one victim.

The prince of *Nogais* was greatly affected with the king's friendship, however replied: suffer me, my lord, to expose myself to the danger; the greater it is, the more agreeable to me. Perhaps I may be the happy mortal, who is ordained by heaven to curb her pride. In the name of
God!

God! forbear to oppose a design, on which my glory, my peace, and my life depend. In short, I will not live, but with *Tourandoste*. Audacious youth! says the king, thy destruction is inevitable. You will soon receive the reward of your folly. Go, and answer her questions; but I must first do thee the honours, which I pay to such princes as seek my alliance. This said, he called to the chief of the first band of his eunuchs, commanding him to conduct *Calaf* to the princess's palace, and to order 200 eunuchs to serve him.

Scarcely was the prince of the *Nogais* come into the palace, but the principal *Mandarins* came to salute him. They kneeled down, bowing their heads to the ground, and said alternatively, "The perpetual servants of your illustrious race come in this quality to shew you reverence;" then made their presents, and departed. During this ceremony, the king, to shew his concern for the son of *Timurtasch*, sent for the professor of the royal college, and told him, there was a prince come to demand his daughter, adding, I would have you, doctor, bring him to reason. He had a long conference with him, and on his return, told the king, it was impossible. But I cannot help telling your majesty, that I believe, if any

prince is able to answer her questions, this is the man.

Ah! doctor, replies the king, How am I transported with this account of his abilities. He offer'd his vows to heaven for *Calaf*; and order'd public prayers, solemn sacrifices, and festivals, that he might obtain the princess. After this *Altoun Can* sent his *Colao* to *Calaf*, to inform him, that he must prepare to answer the princess's questions the next day, when he was to appear before the divan, who had already received orders to assemble.

Calaf, notwithstanding his resolution, had little rest all the night. He still flatter'd himself with success, but did not forget his father and mother. If I should die, says he, what will become of them? His duty gave him the greatest trouble. While he was busied in these reflections, he heard the signal given, for those who were to assist at the assembly, to give their attendance. He then thus addressed himself to *Mahomet*: O great prophet! thou seest my condition; inspire me on this occasion. Shall I go to the divan, or to the king, and tell him the danger which terrifies me. Here all his terrors vanished, He rose, dressed himself
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in a caffetan, and a cloak of red silk, with gold flowers; his stockings and shoes were of blue silk, and all his cloaths a present from the sovereign. Now six *Mandarins*, dressed in long crimson robes enter'd his room, and told him, they came from the king to conduct him to the divan.

They led him cross a court, where armed soldiers stood on each side. In the hall were a thousand musicians and singers, who made a surprising noise. From thence they proceeded to the great council chamber, where the assembly were sitting under pavillions of different colours: the principal *Mandarins* on one side, the *Colao*, and professors of the royal college on the other. In the middle were two thrones of gold, placed in two triangular seats. When the prince entered, the noble and learned saluted him with great respect. It was about sun-rising, when two eunuchs opened the two curtains before the gate of the inner palace, and the king, accompanied by the princess his daughter, came forth. She wore a long robe of gold tissue, and a veil of the same. They ascended their thrones by five steps of silver. When they were seated, two very beautiful young women took their stands, one on the king's side, the other on *Tourandocée's*. They

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had

had large pearls in their ears, and pen and paper in their hands. At the sight of *Altoun Can* they all closed their eyes. *Calaf* only looked round him, and could not help admiring the majestic mien of the princess.

When the monarch of *China* appeared, and had given orders for the *Mandarins* to seat themselves, one of the Lords who had conducted him, kneeled down, and read a memorial, containing the prince's demands of *Tourandocée* in marriage; then rising, bid *Calaf* bow to the king, which he did with such admirable grace, as made the sovereign smile.

Then the *Colao* rose from his place, and read the fatal edict with a loud voice. After which, he addressed himself to *Calaf* thus: You hear, sir, the conditions, on which alone she is to be obtained. If you are apprehensive of any danger, or your heart fails you, it is lawful for you to refuse. No, no, says the prince of the *Nogais*, the prize is too glorious to be renounced thro' cowardice. The king finding *Calaf* prepared, turned to the princess, saying: Daughter, it is your time to propose your questions, and may all the holy spirits, to whom we have sacrificed, inspire him to find out the meaning of them. *Tourandocée* replied, I call our
pro-

prophet, the great *Jasouny* to witness, that it is with the utmost concern, I see so many princes die. Know then, audacious youth! you cannot blame me but yourself, if like the rest of your rivals, you incur perdition.

Fair princess! says *Calaf*, I know all that can be urged on this head. Be pleased to put your questions, and I'll endeavour to give you the sense of them. Well then, replies *Tourandocte*;

QUES. I. "*What creature is it, who is of all countries, a friend to the world, and has no likeness to it in the creation?*" — Madam, says *Calaf*, It is the SUN. He is right, cry all the doctors.

QUES. II. "*What mother is it, who after having brought forth her children, devours them all, when they are grown up?*" — The SEA, says the prince, for the rivers discharge themselves into it, and have their source from it.

Tourandocte finding the prince answered right, and resolving to destroy him, said, again,

QUES. III. "*What tree is it whose leaves
"are all white on the one side, and black
"on the other?"*"

Then ^{he} threw off her veil, to confound him with the lustre of her beauty. Her shame had caused her to blush, which added to her charms. At the sight of her the young hero stood mute and immoveable. Terror seized the whole assembly; the king changed countenance, and gave him over for lost. But *Calaf* soon recovered himself, and said, charming princess! I beg pardon, for having appeared almost stupified, when I beheld your heavenly features. Be pleased to repeat the last question again. I do not remember it. You made me forget every thing. I demanded, said *Tourandocè*,

*"What tree is it, whose leaves are all white
"on the one side, and black on the other?"* —

That tree, says *Calaf*, represents the YEAR, which consists of *Days* and *Nights*.

The *Mandarins* and doctors approved of the prince's answers, and applauded his talents. After which, *Altoun Can* turning to *Tourandocè*, said with a smile: Come, daughter, own yourself
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conquered, and consent to marry the conqueror. He has not yet gain'd the victory, replied the princess, letting down her veil to hide her confusion, while the tears trickled down her cheeks. I have other questions to ask him, which I will propose to-morrow. No, no, says the monarch, if I allow that, there will be no end. What you have more to ask, ask now. The princess excused herself, saying, she was not prepared, and prayed her father for leave, to put more interrogatories to him the next day.

The king in passion, cried out, I cannot. You breathe nothing but blood. You killed the queen by your barbarities, and have plunged me into melancholy; but thanks to the spirits that rule in heaven, to the sun, and the moon, to whom my sacrifices have been acceptable, there shall be no more horrible executions. Since this prince has answer'd all your questions, I demand of the assembly, whether it is not just he should be your husband. The *Colao* answer'd for them all, and said: Your majesty is no longer bound by the oath you took, to execute your rigorous edict. It is now the princess's duty to perform her part, or she must expect, that those spirits, who have the charge of chastizing

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zing the perjured, will punish her for contumacy.

Tourandocle all the while kept silence, and held her head on her knees, drowned in tears; which *Calaf* observing, fell prostrate at the feet of *Altoun Can*, and said: Great prince! I beg one favour of your majesty. Tho' I have been so happy as to answer your daughter's questions, I plainly see she had rather have had me executed. I renounce my right to her, upon condition she will answer me, in her turn, but one question. The kind and the whole assembly were astonished at the young prince's proposal, thinking nothing could puzzle the learned *Tourandocle*. After some time the king consented, declaring first, that he was no longer obligated by the oath he had made.

Divine *Tourandocle*, says the prince, tho' by the judgment of the assembly and his majesty you are mine, I abandon the possession of the most adorable beauty in the world, provided you answer precisely to the question I shall propose to you. But then you must promise, that if you do not give a just answer, you will heartily consent to my happiness, and crown my love. Yes, sir, says

says the princess, I accept the condition, and swear by all which is sacred, and call the assembly to be witnesses to my oath.

Every one present blamed *Calaf*, for exposing himself to the danger of losing the king's daughter, but were at the same time impatient to hear the question. Fair princess, says he,

“What is the name of that prince, who, after having endured a thousand fatigues, and begged his bread, finds himself this minute at the height of joy and glory?”

The princess paus'd a while, and then said, 'Tis impossible to answer such a question instantly. I will give you his name to-morrow. Madam, says *Calaf*, no time was mentioned, neither is it just to allow any. However, I will give you that satisfaction, and hope, after this you will have so much reason to think well of me, that you will make no difficulty to marry me. She must resolve upon it, says *Altoun Can*. If I was not engaged by oath, and he had no right to her by the tenour of my edict, I would rather let her die, than he should go without her. Can she ever hope to meet with a man more amiable?

This

This said, he rose from his throne, dismissed the assembly, and retired with the princess. The doctors and *Mandarins* having complimented *Calaf*, six of the latter reconducted him to the palace.

The princess, with the two slaves who were her confidants, retired to her own palace; and when she came into her apartment, she flung off her veil, and threw herself upon a sofa, to give a loose to the transports of her soul. Shame and grief were visible in her looks. She tore her hair, and commanded the two slaves to leave her, saying: Give over your needless care: I will mourn, and harken to nothing but despair. How, alas! shall I be confounded to-morrow before all the doctors, when I confess I cannot answer the question proposed to me? Is this the witty princess, they'll cry, who valued herself for knowledge, and could solve the most obscure enigma's?

My princess, says one of the slaves, torment yourself no longer about what may happen to-morrow; Would it not be better for you to endeavour to prevent your confusion? There is no great difficulty in the question he proposed. No? replies *Tourandocle*; does he not demand of me to tell his own name? I see plainly, he means him-

himself; but how is it possible for me to know it, who am a perfect stranger to him, his family, and country? In the mean time, madam, replied the slave, you only promised to name him to-morrow, and doubtless you hoped to be able to keep that promise. I hoped nothing, said the princess, and only demanded time to kill myself, rather than own my shame, and to marry the prince.

At these words, had not her slaves hinder'd, she would in her fury have spoiled that face, for which so many princes had sacrificed their lives.

When *Altoun Can* returned from the council chamber to his own apartment, he sent for the young prince of the *Nogais*, and said: Ah! son, ease me of the disquiet you have caused in my mind. I fear my daughter will answer your question. Why did you bring yourself into danger? My lord, says *Calaf*, 'tis impossible for the princess to name the person; I am he, and nobody in your court knows me. What you say, cries the king in a transport, gives me great satisfaction; for tho' she may easily find out the meaning of enigma's, she can never know your name.

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The monarch having pleased himself with considering how impossible it was for his daughter to answer the question, resolved to take the diversion of fowling. When they had made a sort of running banquet, the *Mandarins* went first out of the palace, in open ivory chairs wrought with gold, carried each by six men, two marching before with whips in their hands, and two behind with gold plates, on which were engraved their several qualities. The king and *Calaf* came after them in a litter made of the richest wood, and carried by twenty military officers. Two generals marched on each side, holding up a large fan to keep off the sun, and 3000 eunuchs closed the train.

When they came to the place, where the officers of the falconry waited, they began the game with a quailchase, which lasted till sunset. Then the monarch and his court returned to the palace in the same order; and, after having eat and drank, retired into a large hall, where, when the *Mandarins* had taken their places, the king made *Calaf* sit by him on an ebony throne, adorned with figures of gold. As soon as all were seated, the singers and musicians had done, and withdrew to make room for an artificial elephant;

phant; which moving forward by springs into the middle of the hall, vomited up six dancers, who performed several feats of activity. They had nothing on but sashes about their middles, and brocade bonnets on their heads. When they had done, they got again into the elephant, and went off.

As soon as these diversions were over, the young prince, conducted by an eunuch, with a flambeau made of serpent oil mingled with wax, and set in gold, prepared for sleep. Upon entering his apartment, he found a young lady dressed in a red brocade robe, full of silver flowers, and over it another of white satin embroidered with gold, and set thick with rubies and emeralds. She had on her head a bonnet of plain rose-colour'd taffeta, embroider'd with silver, and set with pearls, which cover'd only the crown of her head, leaving her fine hair buckled with diamonds, and intermixed with flowers, exposed to view. As to her shape and face, nothing could be more perfect, the princess of *China* excepted. As soon as the lady saw *Calaf*, she rose from the sofa on which she had laid her veil; and after having made him a low bow, said: Prince, I doubt not you are surprized to find a woman here. But the importance of what

I am going to say, made me despise all danger, and have nothing to do but to tell you my errand.

He pray'd her to sit down again on the sofa, where he also took a seat; then the lady went on with her story: "I am the daughter of a prince
"tributary to *Altoun Can*. Some years ago my
"father refused to pay the usual tribute, and put
"himself into a posture of defence. The king of
"China provoked at his insolence, sent one of his
"best generals against him. A battle was fought
"near a river, and the *Chinese* got the victory.
"My father was killed in the action; but before
"he died, commanded his wife and children to be
"flung into the river, to prevent their falling into
"slavery. This inhuman command was executed.
"They ^htrew me, my mother, and two brothers,
"into the water. The *Chinese* general happening
"to come-by, was moved with compassion at so
"horrible a sight, and offer'd a reward to any sol-
"diers who could save us. Several *Chinese* horse-
"men immediately plunged into the river after
"our dying bodies, then floating on the water;
"none of which, when taken up, had life in them
"but mine. I, when brought on shore, breathed.
"The general took as great care of me, as if my
"captivity would add glory to his victory. Af-
"ter

“ter he had given an account of his conduct, he
“presented me to the king, who placed me with
“his daughter, who is two or three years youn-
“ger than I am.

Tho’ I was a child, I considered myself a slave, and resolved to add all in my power to please *Tourandocte*. Ever since, I, and another illustrious person have been her chief confidents. I am of noble blood, therefore you may put the greater confidence in me. Will a prince in love with *Tourandocte*, give faith to what I say? Say *Cannume*, replies *Calaf*, hold me no longer in suspense. What have you to tell me of the princess of *China*? My lord, rejoins the lady, *Tourandocte* has formed a design to have you assassinated. Just heaven! cried he, how could so black a design enter into her heart! I will tell you prince, says the lady, this morning when she was at the divan, where I stood behind her throne, she was mortally vexed at what happened, and returned full of hatred against you. She studied a long time on the question you proposed to her, and not being able to think of an answer to her mind, she fell into despair. The other favourite slave, and myself did all in our power lay to bring her into temper. We extolled your mien and your

wit, and told her, that she ought to determine to give you her hand. But she was deaf to all we said, and fell a railing against men in such a manner as stopped our mouths : I hate him above all the rest, and will have him murdered privately. She has accordingly ordered some trusty eunuchs to assassinate you to-morrow as you go to the divan.

Ah! inhuman, perfidious *Tourandoûte*! cries the prince, does *Calaf* then appear so horrible in your eyes. Great god! of what strange adventures does my life consist. My lord, says the beautiful slave, sink not under your misfortunes. Heaven has put it into my thoughts to save you. I came not only to tell you of the snare that is laid for you, but how you may avoid it. By my interest, I have gained some soldiers of the guard, who will facilitate your escape, because there will certainly be strict enquiry made after you. Fly that fatal court. I am ready to go with you. Let us be gone, and take refuge in the territories of *Berlas*. I, free from captivity, shall enjoy those pleasures which are never known in bondage, and you, my lord, may find some princess worthy of your love, who will make it her whole business to con-

contribute to the happiness of so deserving a prince.

Calaf answered: Fair princess! how shall I be able to express my gratitude for your good intentions. I heartily wish it was in my power to conduct you to the *Horde* of the *Can* of *Berlas*, who is your kinsman: but tell me *Canume*, ought I so abruptly to quit the palace of the *Chinese* monarch, who has shewed me such respect? If the princess of *China* will sacrifice me, the victim is ready.

The captive princess observing that *Calaf* determined rather to die than go off with her, burst into tears, and cried, Is it possible, my prince, that you should prefer assassination? Ah! my lord, how did I tremble for you, when this morning you appeared before the divan! I was in pain about your not answering *Tourandocle's* questions right. Do not, sir, submit to a blind passion. Let us this instant quit the seraglio, where every moment will create fresh torment. My princess, replied *Calaf*, I own you can well reward your deliverer, and make him happy. But it is my fate to love *Tourandocle*, and should I live from her, my life would not be worth regarding. Stay then

ingrate! says the lady, interrupting him; if you see the bottom of my heart, I also see your's. Your aversion to me is as strong as your love for the princess of *China*. This said, she put on her veil, and walked off.

The lady gone, the young prince sat in great perplexity on the sofa, reflecting on what he had heard. She came, said he, to give me warning of my fate, and the generosity of her soul is a sure sign of her sincerity. Ah! thou barbarous daughter of the best of kings. Is it thus you abuse the gifts which heaven has blest you with? Instead of going to sleep, he pass'd the remainder of the night in a state of melancholy. As soon as day broke, and notice was given of the divan's meeting, six *Mandarins* waited upon him to conduct him to the assembly. He crossed the court, where he was to be assassinated, without any thoughts of defending himself, and came to the first hall of the divan. He proceeded, thinking every avenue was the place where the bloody orders of the princess were to be executed. He looked on both sides, expecting the murderer, and came at last to the hall where the doctors and *Mandarins* were already seated.

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When the *Colao* saw the king come in, he demanded of the young prince, whether he remember'd his promise to relinquish the princess, if she answer'd right to the question he had proposed. *Calaf* answer'd, Yes. Then the *Colao* addressed himself to *Tourandocte*, saying: And do you, great princess, know what oath you have taken, and by that you are bound, to name the prince? The king, satisfied that his daughter could not answer *Calaf*'s question, said: You have had all the time you could well desire, to think of what was proposed to you; but if you had a year allowed you to contemplate on it, you would at last be forced to confess it is impenetrable; therefore chearfully give your hand to this young prince. My lord, says *Tourandocte*, tho' yesterday I had the shame of being vanquished, I yet pretend to have the honour of the victory. Let him ask me his question.

Madam, says the prince of the *Nogais*, I demand, "*What is the name of that prince, who, after having endured a thousand difficulties, and begged his bread, finds himself this moment at the height of glory and joy?*" The prince's name, replied *Tourandocte*, is *Calaf*. As soon as the prince heard her name him, he fell into

a swoon. The king and all the assembly turned pale.

After *Calaf* recover'd, he thus address'd himself to *Tourandocë*: Fair princess, you are much mistaken, the son of *Timurtasch* is not at the height of joy and glory; he is rather overwhelmed with sorrow. I agree with you, says the princess, you are not so now; but you were so when you put the question. For which reason, prince, instead of making use of frivolous excuses, freely confess, that you have lost all manner of pretension to me. However, to keep you no longer in doubt, I now declare before this honourable assembly, that I am in another disposition, with respect to your life. The king's friendship for you, and your peculiar merit, have determined me to make you my husband.

CALAF's marriage with the Princess of CHINA and the Death of ADELMULE.

The *Mandarins* and doctors highly applauded the conduct of *Tourandocë*; the king over joy'd embraced her, and said: My child, you could do nothing

thing that would oblige me more. Your aversion to all mankind made me despair of seeing any prince out of my blood. Happy me! that your hatred is now at an end; and what makes my joy still greater is, that you are enamour'd of this young hero whom I love. But what charm did you make use of to discover his name? It was, my lord, by an accident natural enough, and not by any enchantment. One of my slaves went last night to prince *Calaf*, and had the address to get from him the secret.

Charming princess, replies *Calaf*, out of what an abyss of misery have you raised me, to the highest place in the world! Ah! forgive my injurious suspicions, while you was preparing so much felicity for me. How impatient am I to expiate at your feet the injustice I committed. The young prince was going on in this manner, when he was forced to drop his amorous discourse, by the coming up of a female slave, who till that time had stood behind the princess; but now advancing into the middle of the assembly, made the whole audience listen to what she had to say. She no sooner lifted up her veil, but *Calaf* knew her to be the same person with whom he conversed the night before. Her

ghastly eyes, and pale countenance, denoted her bent upon some mischief. They were all impatient to hear her, when turning to *Tourandocle*, she said: I did not go to the son of *Timurtasch* to do you service. My design was to deliver myself from slavery, and to rob you of your lover. I prepared every thing for our flight together. The ingrate despised my tenderness. I represented you the cruelest creature that was in the world: nay, I told him you determined to have him assassinated this very day. Jealous and enraged I returned to your apartment, and I told you his name you wanted to know, which he dropped out in his transports. In short, I thought by that to have rent your marriage. But as my artifice has proved ineffectual, I have only this to do. — Here she took a cangiar, which was concealed under her robe, and plunged it under her breast.

This horrible action shocked the whole assembly. The king and *Tourandocle* descended from the throne to save her life, imagining she had not done enough to kill her: but before they came to her assistance, she struck the poniard a second time into her breast, when the princess of *China* continued weeping, and said: My dear *Adelmule*,

mule, why did you not open your mind to me last night? Why did you not tell me it would kill you, if I married prince *Calaf*? Is there any thing I would not have done for such a rival as you? At these words the captive princess opened her dying eyes, and turning them towards *Tourandocée*, said: 'Tis over, pity not my fate, but commend my resolution. I sucked in with my milk the doctrine of *Xaca*. I am going to my original nothing. Here she gave a deep sigh, and expired.

The funeral rites being over, joy and splendor succeeded, and a new face appeared in the court of *China*. The king order'd preparations to be made for his daughter's nuptials. While this was doing, ambassadors were sent to the tribe of *Berlas* to inform the old *Can* of the *Nogais*, of what had passed, and to desire him to come thither with the princess his wife. When all things were ready, the marriage was solemnized with the utmost magnificence. Nothing was to be seen for a whole month, in the great city of *Pequin*, but shows and festivals.

The possession of *Tourandocée* did not at all lessen the love of *Calaf*. And she, who had till then, looked upon all men with contempt, was

equally enamour'd with the prince. Soon after their marriage-festivals were over, the ambassadors, which *Altoun Can* had sent to *Calaf's* father, returned, who brought not only his father and mother, but the prince *Alinguer* himself with them, to do honour to *Elmaze* and *Timurtasch*, attended by the greatest lords of his court.

The prince of *Negais* having notice of their coming, met them at the gate of the palace. All three embraced several times, and their tears, at every embrace, water'd the eyes of the *Chinese* and *Tartars* at that time present. Then *Calaf* saluted the *Can* of *Berlas*, acknowledg'd the favours he had conferred upon his parents, and upon himself in particular. To which *Alinguer* replied: Sir, being ignorant of the dignity of your father and mother, I must confess I have not paid them that respect which is due to their quality; but to make some retaliation for that deficiency, I thought I could do no less than accompany them to the court of *Altoun Can*. Hereupon they all enter'd the palace of the king of *China*, who embraced them all, and then conducted them to his cabinet, where he promised *Timurtasch*, whose history he knew, to employ all his forces to revenge his cause against the sultan of *Carizme*, and immediately

tely gave orders, that the governors of the provinces, and all the soldiers under their jurisdiction, should march with all speed to the lake of *Bal-jouta*, and there to rendezvous till the whole army was assembled. The *Can* of *Berlas* also foreseeing a war would soon commence, order'd his troops to be in readiness to march on the first notice, and sent immediately to his generals to repair to the same place without loss of time.

While *Timurtasch* and his queen, the father and mother of *Calaf*, had conceived hopes of being reinstated on the throne of the *Nogais Tartars*, they insensibly forgot their past misfortunes, and *Tourandocle* being now deliver'd of a fine prince, encreased their joy. Publick rejoycings were made on this occasion throughout all the vast empire of *China*. Nor did they cease till the couriers brought advice, that the troops were arrived at the lake. As soon as they had this intelligence, *Timurtasch*, *Calaf*, and *Alinguer*, departed to command them, and when they arrived there, they found 700,000 men. They took their rout to *Colan*. From thence they marched to *Cachgar*, and enter'd the territories of the sultan of *Carizme*. That prince, instead of being dishearten'd at the approach of so many enemies, prepared to
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give them a warm reception with 400,000 men. The two armies met at *Cogende*, and a bloody battle ensued. At length the *Chinese* became masters of the field, and of their enemies.

Sultan *Carizme* had no way left to escape, but by fighting through the enemy's forces, and gloriously chose rather to die, than to survive with infamy; so he continued fighting till he dropped dead. The prince his son had the same fate. 200,000 men were killed and taken prisoners, the rest escaped by favour of the night. The *Chinese* also lost a great number of men; but tho' the battle was bloody, it was also decisive. *Timur-tasch* having returned thanks to heaven for his success, sent an officer to *Pequin* to give the king of *China* an account of it, and then advanced into the territories of *Zagalab*, and made himself master of the city of *Carizme*.

Here he published a declaration, setting forth, that he would invade the rights and privileges of no man; but as God had given him possession of the throne of his enemy, he would keep it, and that all the countries, that were subject to the sultan, should now receive his son *Calaf* for their sovereign. The *Carizmenians* immediately proclaimed

claimed him their sultan; and *Timurtasch* went with part of the army to recover his own dominions. The *Nogais Tartars* received him like faithful subjects; but he, not contented to be re-instated on his own throne, declared war against the *Circassians*, to be revenged on them for their perfidy to prince *Calaf* at *Fund*. He cut their armies to pieces, and caused himself to be declared king of *Circassia*. After this, he returned to *Zagalay*, where he met the princesses *Elmaze* and *Tourandocte*, whom *Altoun Can* had sent thither.

Here was the end of they young prince's misfortunes. His virtue gained him the love of the *Carizmians*, whom he reigned over a long time in peace, and continued the same passion for *Tourandocte*; by whom he had another son, who was, after his death the sultan of *Carizme*, and his elder brother by *Altoun Can* chose emperor of *China*. *Timurtasch* and his queen passed the rest of their days at *Aslracan*, and the *Can* of *Berlas* having received from them the reward due to his generosity, returned to his tribe with the remainder of his forces.

*The History of King BEDREDDIN LOLO,
and his Visier ATALMULE, surnamed
the SORROWFUL VISIER.*

Bedreddin, king of *Damascus*, had, what may be called in our days, an honest minister, whose name was *Atalmule*, and who was a true patriot. His zeal for the service of his king and country was indefatigable; his genius was extensive, and his disinterestedness was admirable. He was called the *Sorrowful Visier* because he never laughed at a jest, nor put himself out of his usual gravity. The king one day smiling, told him of an adventure of his, to which the visier listen'd, but with such sedateness, as surprized *Bedreddin*. *Atalmule*, says he, for these ten years you have been at my court, I have not observed one joyful look in your countenance. My lord, replies the visier, there is not a mortal upon earth exempt from sorrow. You have some secret grief, replies the king, which you chuse to conceal. Do you think as you speak? Yes, my liege, replied he, such is the state of the sons of *Adam*. Is your majesty in a state of perfect happiness? It is impossible for me to be so, cries the king; I have numerous ene-

enemies, and the weight of government lies heavy upon my shoulders; but I am convinced that there are an infinite number of my subjects, whose joy is uninterrupted. If nobody, therefore, is free from vexation, they cannot all be alike afflicted; tell me then, why you are so insensible of pleasure? My lord, replied *Atalmule*, the account of my life will readily discover to you the cause of my anxiety.

The History of the SORROWFUL VLSIER, and of the Princess ZELICA BEGUME.

My father's name was *Coaja Abdallah*, a rich jeweller of *Bagdad*, who spared no expence in my education. After I was well versed in various languages, and a thorough proficient in many useful sciences, he resolved I should visit other *Asian* countries. I naturally loved pleasure, which caused him grief. But how can the wise counsel of a father prevail over a debauched son! I never heeded what the old gentleman said, but imputed all to the peevishness of age. One day he made me walk with him in the garden, and said: My advice

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vice has hitherto proved ineffectual; you will soon get rid of so troublesome a counsellor: I am going to launch into eternity. I shall leave you immensely rich; and if you are so unhappy as lavishly to squander it away, be sure to have recourse to the tree in the middle of the garden: tie a rope to one of the branches, and prevent the miseries which attend poverty.

He died; I buried him magnificently, and took possession of the estate, which I found so great as to encourage my extravagance. I increased my servants, got all the young fellows of the city about me, was guilty of all kinds of debauchery, and soon spent all. My friends, domesticks, and acquaintance, immediately abandon'd my dwelling. I then, too late, remember'd my father's words. I was pierced to the heart for not following his advice. I don't forget he advised me to hang myself, if I was ever reduced to poverty. Let me, said I, follow his council at least in this case, tho' I did not in my œconomy. I sold my house, and in this fit of despair I bought a rope, and ran to the tree in the garden. I put two large stones to the botom of the branch, where I had fixed the cord, and making a running noose at the other end, I put it about my neck; after which, I leaped off
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the two stones, and was almost strangled, when the branch of the tree broke down. I fell with it. After a little time I recover'd my senses, and looking round about, I was surprized to see some diamonds that fell out of it, for it was hollow. I thought the trunk was so likewise, and ran for an axe; then cutting thro' it, found a vast quantity of rubies, emeralds, and all kinds off precious stones. I instantly took the rope off my neck and my grief was converted into joy.

This adventure convinced me of my father's love and prudence, and I determined, for the future, to pursue his course of life. As I before had made pleasure my business, I now resolved to make business my pleasure. I well knew the value of precious stones, and enter'd into partnership with two jewellers of *Bagdad*, who were bound for *Ormus*. We all three embarked, lived merrily on board, and were almost at the end of our voyage, when I perceived my partners were not so honest as I imagined. We drank plentifully. About midnight I fell asleep on a sofa; while I lay snoreing, they threw me into the sea. I awoke as they carried me to the side of the vessel; but knew not where I was, till I plunged into the water. It was foul weather, but the waves kept

me aloft, and by the peculiar providence of heaven, threw me at the foot of a mountain, near the point of the gulph. When I landed, I found myself tolerably well, and spent the remainder of the night in thanksgiving for my deliverance.

At day-break I climbed up the mountain with great difficulty, and there found some peasants gathering chrystal to sell at *Ormus*, and told them the usage I had met with. They took pity on me, gave me provisions, and conducted me to the city. I went to a caravanferail to lodge, where the first man I saw was one of my inhuman partners. He, extremely surprized, ran to seek out his comrade, to inform him of my safe arrival, and to concert measures for my unexpected reception. Soon after they both enter'd the caravanferail. They passed unobserved in the court-yard. Ah! villains, cried I, heaven has render'd your perfidy useless; in spite of your barbarity, I still live. At this exclamation, one of them had the impudence to bawl out: You thief, you rogue, what is the trick you would put upon us? They then beat me. I threaten'd to complain to the *Cady*; but they got thither before me, and by making him a present of some of my own jewels, prevailed upon

upon him to load me with irons, and send me to prison.

The peasants, who brought me to *Ormuz*, being informed that I was in jail, went to the *Cady*, and told him all that had passed between us on the mountain. Upon this the judge resolved to search into the bottom of this affair, and immediately sent for the two jewellers; but they, conscious of their villainy, ran to the ship and put to sea: The *Cady*, now convinced of my innocence, released me.

Being thus deliver'd from the sea, my judge, and my two honest partners; destitute of money, friends, and credit, I was oblig'd to live upon charity, or die for hunger. I set out the next day after my enlargement for the plains of *Lar*, between the mountains and the *Persian* gulph.

Here I overtook a caravan of merchants, who were going to *Chiras*. I did them several little services, and was well used on the journey. I staid there with them, at the time king *Shad Tabmaspe* kept his court in that city.

One day coming from the grand mosque to my lodgings, I saw one of the king of *Persia's* officers. He came up to me, and said: Young man, of what country are you? You seem to be a stranger, and in no very good circumstances. I answer'd, I was a native of *Bagdad*, that things were not so well with me now as formerly, and then told him my story. How old are you, said he? I replied, nineteen. Hereupon he conducted me to a fine apartment in the king's palace, and there asked my name, which I told him was *Hasan*. *Hasan*, replied he, I am sorry for thy misfortunes. I am the king of *Persia's* *Capi-Aga*, and will be a father to thee. A page's place is vacant in the *Casoda*, and thou shalt have it; for I know not a youth among the *Casodali*, who cuts so good a figure. He took me under his protection, had me dressed like a page, and instructed me in the duties of my office; which I discharged in such a manner, as soon gained me the esteem of *Zuluslis*, and redounded to the honour of my patron.

All the pages of the twelve tribes, as well as other officers, were forbidden, on pain of death, to stay in the garden of the *seraglio* after a certain hour, because the ladies then came out a walking.

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I insensibly letting the time slip, made all possible speed to return to the palace, when I was stopped at the end of the alley by a lady, saying: Why in such haste? It was a light evening, and I perceiving her to be young and beautiful, answer'd abruptly: If you belong to the palace, you know the reason. Is it not as much as my life is worth? You have thought of it too late then, says she, thank your stars that you have met me, or you had died in a moment. Amazed I cried, unhappy mortal, to be no more vigilant! Give over your surprize, rejoins she, I think you ought not to look upon yourself as unhappy. I have youth and beauty, and flatter myself there are few in this seraglio more agreeable. Fair lady, said I, tho' I cannot by this light view your charms to advantage; tho' I see more than enough to inflame me; yet, imagine yourself in my situation, and you will confess, it is not very pleasant. I own it, replies she; however, your destruction is not so sure as you imagine; the king is a good prince, and may pardon you. What are you? One of the *Casodali*, madam. Well then, said she, be ruled by me. Think not to-day of what may befall you to-morrow. Heaven reserves that knowledge to itself, and perhaps has prepared a way for you to escape this danger. If you knew who I

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was, and the honour this adventure might do you, instead of wasting these happy moments, you would cast off all melancholy reflections, and look upon yourself as the most happy of mortals. I resolved to improve the occasion, and took the lady in my arms; but she was so far from yielding to my caresses, that she cried out, and I was instantly surrounded by ten or twelve women, who had concealed themselves to listen to our discourse.

I then really thought she was some slave of the princess of *Persia*, who did it for diversion. The other women laughed at what passed, and tho' she seemed in a fright, one of them said: *Cale-Cairi*, what think you of such another frolick? No, replied she, I will do so no more. I have paid for my curiosity. The slaves rallied me and said, the page is for the present minute. It is pity he should die for staying too long in the garden. She, whom I first met, addressing herself to another, said: It is you, my princess, must determine his fate. Well then, replied she, let him not die this time. But to make this adventure a little more pleasant to him, and that he may the longer remember it, carry him to my apartment, which as yet no man ever saw. I was im-

me.

mediately cloathed in a woman's dress, and making one of the princess's train, followed to her apartment, where nothing was to be seen on all sides but gold and silver, and perfumed lamps, whose odour was very agreeable.

I enter'd the chamber of *Zelica Beghume* the princess of *Persia*, where twenty brocade stools were placed on a tapestry carpet, on which all the ladies seated themselves in a circle, and made me do the like. After this *Zelica* called for refreshments, when six old slaves enter'd, and distributed among us *Mabrama's*, and then served round a salad made of herbs of various kinds, citron juice, and the pith of cucumbers. She gave it first to the princess in a coeno's beak, who eat, and gave another to the slave on her right hand, and so it went round till the bason was empty. After this they brought water in chrystal cups. The collation being over, conversation began. *Cale-Cairi*, who, with design or chance, placed herself opposite to me, smiled, and sometimes by her looks informed me, that she was pleased with my behaviour in the garden. I could not forbear ogling her too. Then *Zelica* asked my name, and how long I had been a page. When I had given answers to her interrogatories, well, *Hasan*, says she,

I 4

she, you know this place is not for men, and I am *Zelica*; yet forget where you are, and who I am. Be as free, and frankly tell me which of these young women most pleases your fancy? I presently gave the preference to the charms of *Cale-Cairi*. But lest I should have affronted *Zelica*, I added, she ought not to put herself on a footing with her slaves, since where she appeared, nothing could be deemed beautiful.

She, instead of being offended, said, I am glad you have given to her the preference. She is my favourite, which is a proof of your good taste. Now the princess and all the slaves rallied *Cale-Cairi* upon the triumph of her charms, which she returned with a great deal of wit. Then *Zelica* caused a lute to be brought, and bid her shew her lover what she could do. She play'd on the instrument so well, and accompanied it with her voice so finely, that I was transported; I threw myself at her feet dissolved in love and pleasure. At this they all fell again into laughter, which lasted, till an old slave came to tell them, it was near day, and time for me to depart. She accordingly led me to a little gate, of which she had the key, and it was very light when I got out of the palace.

Some

Some hours after I went to my fellow-pages, When the *Oda Bach*i demanded why I lay out of my lodging. I told him, that a merchant of *Chiras*, with whom I was particularly acquainted, being about to depart from *Basra*, kept me at his house all night in drinking; which he believed. Eight days after, an eunuch came to the king's chamber door; I asked his business. Is not your name *Hasan*, said he? I answered, yes. He then put a billet in my hand, and was gone in a moment. The contents were, "If you are disposed
"tomorrow night, to be in the garden of the se-
"raglio, after the hour of retiring, and at the same
"place I met you, you shall find one, who is very
"sensible of the preference you gave her to all the
"princess's women."

Tho' I thought *Cale - Cairi* had some liking to me, I could not imagine she would have wrote to me. Pleased with my good fortune, I asked leave of the *Oda Bach*i to visit a dervise lately arrived from *Mecca*. He granted it, and I instantly flew to the garden of the seraglio. Soon after, I at length perceived a lady drawing near, whom I knew to be the same, for whom I waited. I went up to her, and transported with joy, threw myself at her feet. Rise, *Hasan*, says she, may I believe it

possible that you think me handsomer than all my companions, and even than the princess *Zelica*! Doubt it not, replied I, oh too lovely *Cale-Cairi*. Your image always will be present in my mind, tho' you should not think of me kindly. I am glad you still persist in this opinion, replied she, because your youth, your person, your wit, and above all, the preference you gave me to those fair ladies, has made you amiable in my sight. But yet, my dear *Hasan*, continued she, I know not whether I ought to rejoyce at the conquest my eyes have made, or look upon it as an event which will cause my misery. The princess of *Zelica* loves you, and will soon make you happy. Can your love of me hold out against so powerful a rival? Here I began to interrupt her, saying: My dearest *Cale-Cairi*, neither *Zelica*, nor any other empress, however potent, shall shake my constancy. You are the loadstone, I the needle. Tho' *Schah Tabmaspe* would resign to me the kingdom of *Persia*, and adopt me for his heir; to you, and to you alone would I sacrifice that dignity. Oh! unhappy *Hasan*! replies the lady, if you make ungrateful returns for her kindness, we are both undone. It is much better for me to submit to her superior charms. No, no, said I, let me rather banish myself the court, to defend you from

from

from *Zelica's* resentment ; and do you forget by little and little the unfortunate *Hasan*. I pronounced this with such energy, that the lady burst into tears, and cried out, you are in an error, you are worthy of being deceived. Know therefore, that I am the real *Zelica*. The night you came to my palace, I represented *Cale-Cairi*, and now resume my own name. Tho' you have more love than ambition, I am now convinced it will be no small addition to your happiness to be informed that it is a princess who is enamoured of you. I told *Zelica* that the excess of my passion was inexpressible, and was going on in this manner, when she interrupted me by saying : Ambition has but little command over the hearts of females who are locked up. You delight me, and that is sufficient. We passed the whole night in discoursing in the garden. A little before day *Cale-Cairi* came, and led me out of the palace.

I now gave myself over to the most agreeable representations that can enter into the mind of a mortal. But alas ! when I was just arriving at the height of my wishes, an unlucky event, at once robbed me of all my expectations. I heard *Zelica* was fallen ill, and soon after it was rumoured about the palace, that she was dead.

dead. I could not give any credit to this report, till I saw preparations made for her funeral, and was convinced of the truth by the universal grief of the *Persians*, and the honours paid to her memory. All the pages of the chambers marched first, naked from the head to the middle. Some scratched their arms, others made incisions in their flesh, and I, in despair, wounded myself in several places. Our officers followed us with long rolls of *Chinese* paper, hanging down from their turbans, on which were written in large characters some passages out of the *Alcoran*, and verses in praise of the deceased, which were sung with an air as doleful, as respective.

After these came the corps in a cedar coffin, covered with silver plates, which was carried by twelve persons of quality, each holding in his hand the end of a ruban, which was fastened to the cover; all her women followed, making terrible howlings. When the body came to the burial-place, the whole company bawled out *Laylah Illallah*; and the blood I had lost caused me to faint away. I was immediately carried to our chambers, and rubbed over with an excellent balm, by the use of which, in two days, my wounds were

were healed, and three days after I quitted the court and the city of *Chiras*.

I travelled all that night, and the next day lay down to repose myself on the ground, when there came to me a young person, in a very odd dress, and presented me with a green branch, repeating some *Persian* verses, to beg alms. I had nothing for my self, and as I offered him nothing, he imagined I did not understand the language. He then repeated some *Arabian* verses, and finding nothing coming, said : brother, I don't believe you want charity, but that you have nothing to bestow. You are in the right, friend, said I, I have not a single asper. Ah! cried he, I pity thee, and will give thee relief.

This answer occasioned my surprise, as I expected from him nothing but prayers and vows; when he continuing his discourse said, I am one of those holy children called *Faquirs*, who live on alms, and am taught to move compassion, by an air of mortification. Tho', to say the truth, some of our fraternity are fools enough to be what they appear, and fast for ten days together, yet we are not so strait laced. Will you be one of our brethren? I am going to two of them

them at *Bost*, if you will make a fourth come along.

HASAN turns FAQUIR.

I agreed to join them, and he conducted me to *Bost*. We lived all the way upon dates, rice, and other good things which were given us in the towns and villages through which we passed. At length we arrived at *Bost*, and entered a little house where we found our two brethren. They kindly received us, and seemed greatly pleased with my resolution. When I was well instructed in the mystery of dissimulation and grimace, they dressed me like themselves, and obliged me to accompany them about the city and suburbs. I came home every night with some pieces of silver, which served to make me merry; and being too young to resist the example of these *Faquirs*, I fell into all sorts of debauchery, and by this means insensibly lost the remembrance of *Zelica*.

Here I staid two years, and would have staid longer, had not he who engaged me in their society, persuaded me to travel. We accordingly passed

fed

led thro' the kingdom of *Segestan* to the city of *Candabar*, and took up our lodging at a caravan-serail, where we were well used on account of our habit. The inhabitants were all in a hurry, making preparations to celebrate the feast of *Ginlous*. Every one, even at court, was ambitious to shew their affection for king *Farouzbah*, who was both beloved, and feared by all his subjects. No body daring to refuse the *Faquirs* admittance, or stop them for their habits sake, we went the next day to court. As we were looking about very attentively, I felt somebody twitch me by the sleeve, and observed the eunuch of *Schach Tabmaspe's* palace standing near me, who put into my hand a letter, saying: My lord *Hasan*, notwithstanding your dress, I thought I knew you. Why did you leave the court of *Persia* to come to *Candabar*? Was it the sudden death of the princess *Zelica*? I cannot tell you presently said he; but will satisfy your curiosity. Meet me here to-morrow at the same hour.

I punctually came at the time appointed, and he drawing near said, let us go out of the palace; we went thro' the city to the gate of a large house, of which he had the key. The rooms were well furnished, fine carpets on the floors, and rich sofa's.

sofa's. Near adjoining was a garden in good order, in the middle of which was a basin of jasper full of chrystal water.

My lord *Hasan*, says the eunuch, how do like this place? Very well replied I; I'm glad of that, rejoined he, I hired it for you yesterday. You must also have some slaves to attend you. I will go and buy some while you bathe. In the name of God, said I, what do you bring me here for?

Chapour was a long while before he returned with four slaves laden with linen, cloaths, and provisions, which occasioned in me various reflections. He observed my uneasiness, but said, he could not help me, adding, it must be night before you can be informed of what you want to know. Night came, and lamps were lighted up in all the finest apartments. *Chapour* bore me company, and desired me frequently to exercise my patience. At length we heard a knocking at the door, the eunuch opened it, and led in a lady, who no sooner lifted up her veil, than I knew it was *Cale-Cairi*. My lord, says she, how much soever you are astonished to see me, you will be more so when you hear what I have to say. The eunuch withdrew, and
we

we both sat down together. You very well remember, my lord *Hasan*, said she, that the last night you saw *Zelica*, she made you promise never to forget her. The next day I represented to her what a folly it was for a princess of her rank, to run the hazard of her life and dignity for the love of a page, and endeavoured all I could to dissuade her from her intention. But finding all my arguments vain, I said: then, madam, we must contrive some scheme for you to see him often; I know but one, which is, for you to quit the court immediately, to forget your birth and grandeur, and to live as if you was descended from poor parents. Is it possible, madam, for you to make *Hasan* such a sacrifice? Don't I love him, replied she sighing? Tell me where and how I may see him, I will go this very moment. Well then, said I, since I find there is no turning you from your beloved object, I know an herb, which if you put a leaf of it into your ear, you in a short time will fall into a lethargy, and seem dead. Your funeral obsequies will be performed, and the night following I will take you out of your tomb.

On heaven! replied i, is it possible the princess *Zelica* should be alive! Where is she? My

lord, rejoins *Cale-Cairi*, she is now living. We put my project in execution. The princess fell sick, and kept her bed. The king's physicians prescribed medicines, of which I made no use. Her fever grew worse and worse, and when I judged it proper for her to expire, I conveyed a leaf into her ear, and ran immediately to inform the king, that *Zelica* was dying, and begged to see him. He came in an instant, and observing her colour come and go, as the herb operated, he burst into tears. My lord, says *Zelica* in dying accents, having experienced your tendernefs, I conjure you by the great God, to order this my last request may be punctually fulfilled. I desire that none of my women may be admitted to come near me, excepting *Cale-Cairi*. Let her watch over me the first night, and be suffered to mourn over my tomb alone.

The king promised that every thing she requested should be performed; but, my lord, adds *Zelica*, I have one thing more to ask, which is, that *Cale-Cairi* may be made free, as soon as I am laid in my tomb, and that you will make her royal presents, worthy of the fidelity of a favourite slave. *Schah Tamaspe* answered: If I must lose you, I swear your favourite

rite

rite shall go where she pleases, and have what treasure she demands.

The king had no sooner done speaking, than the princess died in appearance, and he retired to his own apartment. I washed and perfumed her body, wrapped it up in white linen, and it was carried to the burial place, where I alone, by his majesty's express command, watched over it the first night. Finding the coast clear, and her lethargy over, I took her out of the coffin before day, then we hastened to the place where *Chapour* waited for our coming. That trusty slave conveyed the princess to a little house he had hired, and I passed the remainder of the night at the sepulchre, and in the interim made up a bundle like a corps, covered it with the same linen, and laid it in the coffin.

Next morning, the princess's other slave came to take my place, which I did not leave without shewing those grimaces that generally attend on such as are sorely affected with grief. The king being informed of these tokens of my esteem, ordered me ten thousand sequins, and gave me leave to depart with *Chapour*. After which, I went to my mistress to congratulate

her on the success of our stratagem. The succeeding day we sent a messenger to the king's chamber with a billet, desiring you to come to us, but were informed, that you was indisposed. Three days after we sent again, when we heard you had left the seraglio. I am not to blame that you have been kept thus long asunder and *Zelica* has heartily repented of her imprudence, for not letting you into the secret. We searched for you every where, but destitute of all manner of hopes, we took the road towards the *Indus*, thinking you might have taken the same course; we searched thro' every city we passed for you, but to no purpose. As we were one day travelling with a caravan of merchants, we were suddenly attacked by a large gang of robbers, who took from us all our gold and jewels, carried us to *Candabar*, and sold us to a slave merchant, who resolved to shew *Zelica* to the king. He charmed with the sight of her, asked of what country she was? The princess replied, of *Ormuz*, and gave the same evasive answer to all his questions. However he bought us, and allotted for us one of the best apartments in his palace.

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Here I interrupted her, crying out: Oh heavens! how can I hope to see *Zelica* again, who is shut up in a seraglio! If she submits to king *Fi-rouzcbah's* passion, her life must be miserable! If should be contented in her situation, can I be so with mine? I am glad, replies *Cale-Cairi*, that your sentiments are so delicate. The king loves her exceedingly, but she not being able to forget you, refuses to comply with his desires; and never was one more rejoiced than she, when *Chapour* told her he had met you. She ordered the eunuch immediately to hire a house ready furnished, and to see you wanted nothing. I am now come to prepare for your meeting; to-morrow night we will come to this house. This said, she and *Chapour* returned to *Zelica*.

I could not sleep a wink all that night, and waited with the utmost impatience all the next day. In the evening I heard a knocking at my gate, and soon after my princess entered the room. I threw myself at her feet, and embraced her knees, without being able to speak a word. She obliged me to rise and sit down by her on a sofa. *Hasan*, said she, I thank heaven we are met again; let us hope it will remove the new obstacle that prevents our being together. If we have not the

pleasure of being always together, we shall have that of hearing from each other every day. I then told her my adventures, more particularly of my entering among th *Faquirs*. Ah! *Hasan*, said she, have you lived so long in such austerity for my sake! for I took care to let her know nothing of the life I led under that religious habit. We conversed together till it was near day-light, when the princess, *Cale-Cairi* and *Chapour* withdrew.

The next day I met the *Faquir*, who accompanied me to *Candabar*. After we had embraced, I said: My friend, I was coming to tell you what has happened to me, thinking my absence might have caused you uneasiness. Yes, replied he, I have been in some pain for you. But how finely you are set off! While I have been fretting, I find you have passed your time very agreeably. Yes, friend, said I: I own to thee that I am ten thousand times happier than thou canst imagine; and I will make thee partaker of my happiness. Leave thy caravanferail, and come and lodge with me. This said, I led him to my house, and shewed him the rooms. He said they were very fine, crying out every moment: good God, what has *Hasan* done more than others! What, brother, said I, are you troubled at my prosperity? No, replied

replied he, i am always pleased to see my friends happy. I thought him sincere, and thus put myself in the power of one of the most perfidious villains upon earth. Come, said I, we must be merry together to-day, and provided for him an elegant entertainment.

When we grew warm, he prevailed upon me to discover to him the whole mystery of this affair, saying, I love thee too well to do thee any injury. Deluded by this profession of friendship, and over-powered with liquor, I hid nothing from him. As I was giving him an imperfect sketch of the charms of *Zelica*, he interrupted me saying: this lady must needs be a wonderful beauty, if the king of *Candabar* is so charmed with her. I answered, she is more lovely than I can describe. She will be here to-morrow, and thine own eyes shall judge of her beauty. At these words the *Faquir* embraced me with transport, and said: if you perform your promise, you will do me the greatest pleasure in the world.

When the time drew near for our next meeting, I told my friend it was not proper he should be seen in my apartment when the princess came; but that I would do all in my power to get him

permission to be admitted one of the company. While we were talking, *Zelica* knocked at the door. The *Faquir* hid himself in the closet. The princess gave me her hand, and I led her in, begging of her, that the *Faquir*, who came with me to *Candabar*, and to whom I have given an apartment in my house, might make one of our company. *Hasan*, replied she, what is it you ask! Instead of exposing me to the sight of men, you should conceal me as much as possible. Madam, replied I, he is my friend, and you shall have no cause to complain of your compliance with my request. Tho' my heart misgives me, said she, I can refuse you nothing. Hereupon, I called him, and to please me, she behaved very civilly. We three, with *Cale-Cairi*, sat down together at table. My comrade was about 30 years of age, had wit at will, and soon let the ladies know that he was a scandal to his profession. After supper, the *Faquir* called briskly for wine, and drank himself into a rare pickle. His brains and tongue were inflamed, he talked impudently, and had the insolence to throw his arms round the princess's neck, and kiss her.

Zelica enraged, push'd him from her, saying: Hold firrah, thou deservest to be chastised by *Hasan's*

San's slaves. This said, she put on her veil and went away; I followed to appease her, but in vain. You see now, says she, it was not prudent to bring the *Faquirs* among us. I will never more come to your house while he lodges in it; and then left me. I returned with great concern, accused the *Faquir* of indiscretion, adding, she perhaps will never forgive me, for pressing her to admit you into our society. You don't know, says he, what creatures women are. Her pretended anger was only affectation. Had I been with her alone, I should have found her much more yielding. I instantly ordered my slaves to conduct him to his own room, hoping he would own his error the next morning. He expressed his sorrow with such concern as moved my compassion, adding, to atone for my indiscretion, I will instantly remove far from this city.

I had scarcely done writing when *Chapour* came in. I gave him my letter, and he soon brought me an answer, in which she seemed willing to excuse the *Faquir*, upon condition he quitted my house in twentyfour hours, and she could be assured of his repentance. I shewed him the letter; he told me before the eunuch, that he durst not see her after this rude action, and would leave

Candabar on the morrow. *Chapour* returned, to give the princess an account of the *Faquir's* intention. I rejoiced at this event, but said, since we must part, let us put off our separation as long as we can. I will order a supper. When we were just sitting down to the table, *Chapour* came in with a ragout in a golden plate, saying, I bring you this, which has been just served up to the king's table, and was so delicious, that he sent it immediately to *Zelica*, who sends it to you. We eat it up, and the *Faquir* cried out: Ah, young man, how great is thy felicity!

We drank all night, and when day appeared, I gave him a purse of sequins, which *Chapour* had brought me from his mistress. He thanked me, and departed. Tired with sitting up, I laid me down on a sofa and fell asleep, and was some hours after awaked at a great noise in the house. I rose to know the reason of it, and to my great terror, beheld some of *Firouzchab's* guard. The officer who commanded them, said: follow me, we have orders to conduct you to the palace. I asked what crime I had committed? We know not, replied he, we are only ordered to carry you before the king; but will tell you for your comfort, if you are innocent, you are safe. He is a
very

very just prince, and will not pronounce the fatal sentence without convincing proof. When we came to the palace, I saw four gibbets erected. Without doubt, said I to myself, *Firouzchah* has discovered my intrigues with *Zelica*.

Here no person, except the prince, his grand visier, myself, and the *Faquir*, were permitted to stay. As soon as I saw my traiterous friend, I doubted not of the cause of my summons. Is it thou, says the king to me, who has private meetings with my favourite? Speak, and answer exactly to the questions I shall propose — Were you not told before you came to *Candahar*, that I punish criminals severely? I answered yes. Why then, replied he, hast thou dared to commit the greatest of all crimes? Sir, said I, may your majesty live for ever. But you know love is the strongest of all our passions, and makes us fear nothing. I am ready to be the victim of your just Wrath; nor will I complain of any torments you shall put me to, if you will forgive your favourite slave. I came to disturb your peace, and it is I only that deserve punishment.

While I was talking thus, *Zelica*, followed by *Chapour*, and *Cale-Cairi*, were brought in by an
offi-

officer. The princess hearing my last words, ran and threw herself at the king's feet, crying: Pardon him my lord, your Wrath should fall on the guilty slave who has betrayed you. Ah traitor! says the king to me, expect no favour. You shall die. Then turning to *Zelica*, added, ah ingrate! Dare you beg mercy for this wretch, and shew your amorous rage before me? Vifier, said he, let them both be fastened to the gibbet, and become the food of the fowls of the air.

Hold, my lord, cried I, be careful how you treat a king's daughter. Let your furious jealousy have some regard for that august blood, which flows in her veins. *Firouzcha* seemed shocked at these words, and sternly demanded, to what prince she owed her birthright? when she cried out, Oh indiscreet *Hasan*! I was in hopes of dying in comfort, and that no soul should know my rank. You cover me with shame by revealing this secret. Then addressing herself to his majesty, said: The slave whom thou condemnest to this infamous death, is the only daughter of *Schah Tamasp*. She then told him her whole story, which when finished, she desired to be put to death immediately. Madam, says the king: I am too just not to forgive your infide-

de-

delity. I complain of it no longer, but restore you to liberty. Live for your lover, and may the happy *Hasan* live for you. I also set at liberty *Chapour* and your confidante. Then turning to the *Faquir* continued: but thou base and envious soul, shall suffer for thy villainy! Then ordered the visier to deliver him to the executioner.

In the mean time *Zelica* and I fell at the king's feet. After which, we repaired to the house that had been hired for me, with *Chapour* and *Cale-Cairi*. But that dwelling being already demolished by the king's orders, the furniture taken off, and the materials removed, we consulted what to do in this emergency. After mature deliberation we resolved to take lodgings in a caravanserail. As we were going, an officer of the king's household came, and told us, that the grand visier had a house without the city gates, and he was ordered by his master to conduct us thither.

The grand visier came to visit us two days after, and brought us a present from the king of several packs of silk and linen, and twenty purses, in each of which were 1000 sequins of gold

gold. However, looking upon ourselves under a kind of restraint in a hired house, and enabled by his majesty's bounty to remove elsewhere, we joined a caravan, which was bound for *Bagdad*, and in a few days arrived there in safety.

Facius, Johann Friedrich, 1751-1825

Persian Tales designed for use and entairtainment

Bd.: 2

Coburg 1780

Bamberg, Staatsbibliothek -- L.angl.o.173#2

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